

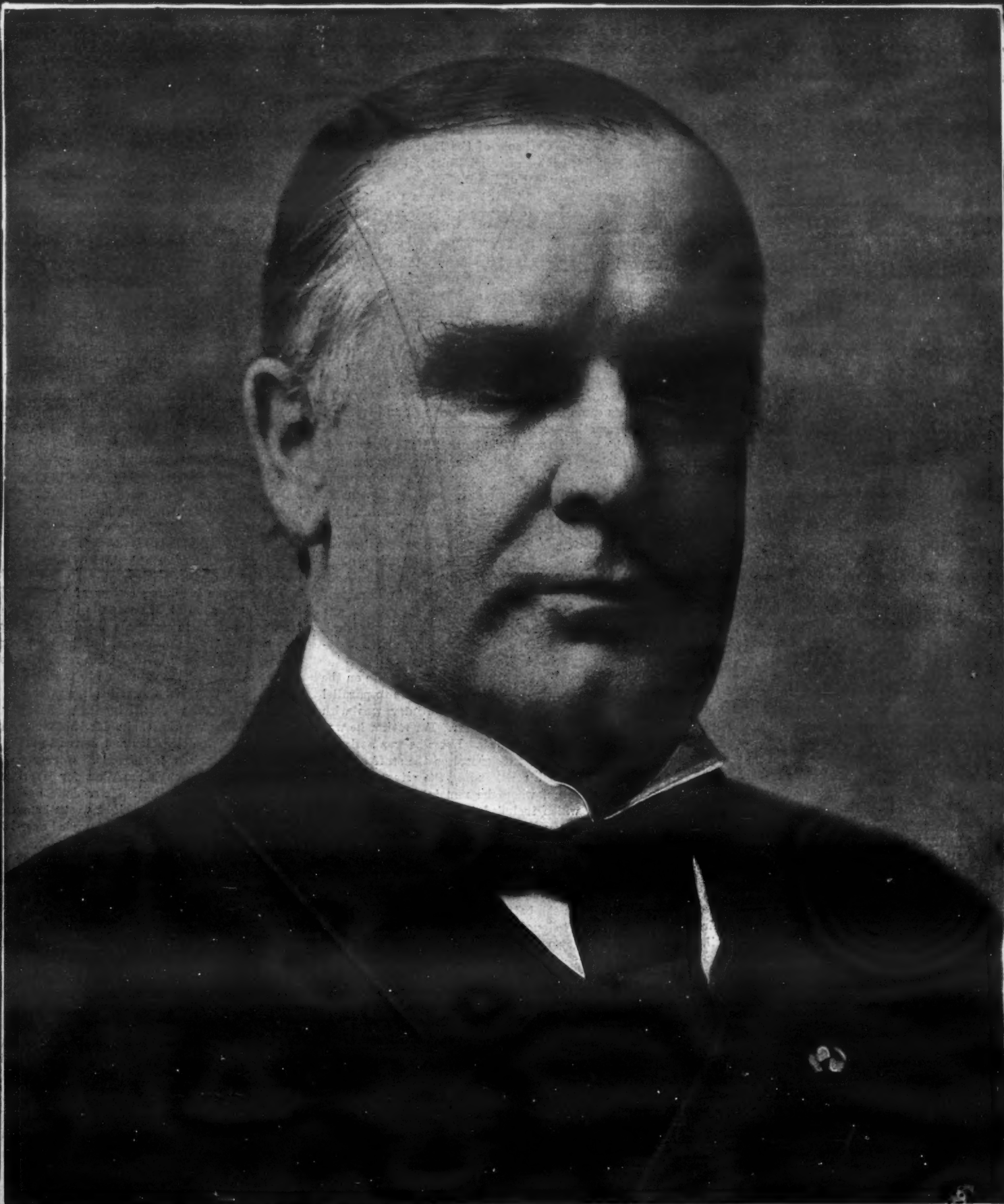
# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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"GOD'S WILL, NOT OURS, BE DONE"

THE LAST WORDS OF OUR BELOVED PRESIDENT.—PHOTOGRAPH, COPYRIGHTED, BY ROCKWOOD.



# William McKinley, the Noble-hearted President

## Dead!

TOLL far and wide, ye muffled bells,  
But let the silvery notes  
That from your hollow metal ring  
Be leaden in your throats.  
Columbia o'er a flower-decked bier  
Bends low her stricken head.  
Swing slowly to a funeral dirge—  
The President is dead.

Droop, starry flag, upon your staff  
Until your glories fall  
Upon his marble sleep, and make  
A soldier's splendid pall.  
He bore you on to victory,  
So veil your white and red  
And blue in sombre folds of crape—  
The President is dead.

Stack arms, ye grizzled veterans,  
Men of the G. A. R.;  
A comrade from your ranks is gone,  
And heaven has gained a star.  
To where he lies in silent state  
March in with solemn tread  
And give to him the last salute—  
The President is dead.

Hush, children, all your happy talk  
And cease your merry play;  
The hand that gave you many a flower  
Is cold and still to-day.  
He loved carnations, bring them now,  
Sweet, spicy blooms, and spread  
O'er him a crimson coverlet—  
The President is dead.

Weep for the man of blameless life,  
The leader good and great  
Who drew in straight and shining threads  
The tangled web of state;  
And weep for her, the widowed heart  
That mourns uncomfited.  
A double share of grief is hers—  
The President is dead.

Hark! how the people's sorrow blends  
In one deep note of woe  
From Porto Rico's burning clime  
To far Alaska's snow.  
The tolling bells, the rolling drums  
Repeat the message dread  
To all the nations of the earth—  
The President is dead.

MINNA IRVING.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY was shot about 3:55 o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, September 6th. At 5:20, one hour and fifteen minutes after the wound was inflicted, the doctors began to administer ether, and in one hour and a half, or at 6:50, the operation was complete. He was borne at once to the Milburn house, where he remained up to the time of his death, at two o'clock on Saturday morning, the 14th day of September.

On the day before he was stricken down at Buffalo, President McKinley made one of the greatest and best speeches of his life. It was a plea for peace among all men, for international amity, and for national progress; it was a brave, clear, inspiring utterance, the speech of a statesman, a patriot, and a great public leader. But when, the next afternoon, he lay prostrate near the same spot, the victim of a murderous hand, a few words fell from the lips of President McKinley which did him no less honor and bespoke not less greatness of heart and soul than the masterly oration of the day before.

They were the words of tender and anxious solicitude which he expressed for his invalid wife. His first thought was for her welfare; hers was the first name upon his lips. As through all the long years of their wedded life, so now, in the moment of supreme peril, when brought to the very gates of death by an assassin's bullet, he who had always been so strong and masterful would shield her, so far as he could, from the cruel blow. He would have the news broken to her as gently as possible; and it was done according to his wish.

It was all so simple, so natural, so spontaneous, it bespoke the real man so clearly, that no heart not less hard than that of the assassin himself could fail to be touched by its pathos.

It was simply a side-light upon the character of William McKinley, not as the President of the republic, not as a leading figure in the great events of the world, but in his character as a true man and a devoted husband. And in that light William McKinley, after his tragic experience, stood even more exalted and more honored than ever before in the eyes of every man and woman in whom the deepest, sweetest, and tenderest feelings and sentiments that belong to humanity hold sway.

Marvelous is the gift of wisdom and power that enabled this chosen head of a mighty nation to guide the ship of state steadily and safely through the perilous

currents of the past four years, and well and nobly was the duty performed, but for nothing in all his long and brilliant career will the memory of William McKinley be cherished with more genuine affection than for his tender, chivalrous devotion to his invalid wife. In these days, when the marriage bond is held in such light esteem by many who count themselves among the high and mighty of the earth, it is well that this lesson from the life of our beloved chief magistrate should be set before the eyes of all the world.

William McKinley, the twenty-fifth President of the United States, was born in Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, on January 29th, 1843. His father, William McKinley, Sr., came to Ohio from Pennsylvania. The family was Scotch-Irish, and the President's forefathers came to America 150 years ago. He was the seventh child in the family of nine. His education was received in the public schools of Niles, but when he was nine years of age his parents removed to Poland, Mahoning County, Ohio, where he was admitted into Union Seminary and pursued his studies until he was seventeen. He was especially noted for his brilliancy in debate, and evinced a lively interest in all the great public questions of the day. He was obliged to return home for recuperation. When his health was restored he obtained a place as a teacher in the public schools of the Kerr district, near Poland. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church and became a diligent student of the Bible.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he was a clerk in the Poland post-office. A call was made for volunteers. Young McKinley was among those who stepped forward. He went with the recruits to Columbus and was enlisted as a private in company E of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry. This regiment numbered among its officers William S. Rosecrans, afterward major-general, and Rutherford B. Hayes, nineteenth President of the United States.

During the fourteen months he served as a private he developed from a slip of a boy to a robust young man. He participated in all the early engagements in West Virginia, the first of these being at Carnifex Ferry. In the winter's camp at Fayetteville he earned and received his first promotion—commissary-sergeant.

While he was a second lieutenant, McKinley's regiment participated in a number of minor engagements, in all of which he showed great gallantry. On February 7th, 1863, he received his commission as first lieutenant. It was at the battle of Kernstown, near Winchester, that he gained his greatest military distinction.

As McKinley came back with the regiment he was cheered by the whole brigade. That very same night Lieutenant McKinley led a party of volunteers to rescue four guns and some caissons which were in imminent danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. It was a most dangerous piece of work, gallantly accomplished. The next year, July 25th, 1864, at the age of twenty-one, McKinley was promoted to be a captain.

Captain McKinley's first ballot was cast; while on the march, for Lincoln, whose career his own was to parallel so closely, even to assassination. McKinley was with Sheridan at the battle of Winchester. For a time he was on the staff of General Hancock. Later he was assigned as acting assistant adjutant-general on the staff of General Samuel S. Carroll, commanding the veteran reserve corps at Washington, where he remained through that exciting period which included the surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox and the assassination of President Lincoln. It was just a month before Mr. Lincoln fell a victim to an assassin's bullet that McKinley received from him a commission as a major by brevet in the volunteer army of the United States, "for gallant and meritorious services at the battles of Opequan, Cedar Creek, and Fisher's Hill," signed, "A. Lincoln."

Major McKinley participated in the final act of the great war drama, the grand review in Washington. On his return to Poland a complimentary dinner was tendered him by the citizens. He entered the office of Judge Charles E. Glidden, at Youngstown, Ohio. After one year's study under the preceptorship of Judge Glidden, he went to law school in Albany, N. Y., and in March, 1867, was admitted to the Bar at Warren, Ohio.

On the advice of his sister Anna he decided to settle at Canton, and was elected prosecuting attorney of Stark County in 1869, overcoming a large Democratic majority. He was renominated, but missed re-election by forty-five votes. Resuming his private practice he soon built up a profitable business. But in all campaigns he was in constant demand as a speaker.

Mr. McKinley was married to Miss Ida Saxton on January 25th, 1871. Miss Saxton's grandparents were among the founders of Canton nearly a century ago. Her father was one of the prominent bankers of the city.

Mr. Saxton was a man of practical ideas. While educating his daughter, he at the same time desired to guard her against possible adversity by giving her a business training. Accordingly, he took her into the bank as cashier, a position which she filled for some years with abil-

ity. It was while she was cashier that William McKinley made her acquaintance.

She was a teacher in the Presbyterian Sunday-school while young McKinley was teaching in the Methodist Sunday-school. During their courtship he always accompanied her to her church before going to his own. Two children were born to them—Katie, on Christmas day, 1871, and Ida, in 1873. Both died in early childhood. Since their death Mrs. McKinley has been an invalid. Her dependence upon her husband has been a matter of tender pathos.

In 1876 Mr. McKinley was first nominated for Congress. He was elected by 3,300 majority. During the progress of this canvass he visited the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and was introduced by James G. Blaine to a great audience, which he completely captivated.

He entered Congress while his old colonel, Hayes, was President, and the friendship gave him at the start an influence which it might have taken him time to win under other circumstances. His power as a speaker gave him distinction, and his ability as a worker in committees was soon recognized. He was re-elected to the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, and Fifty-first Congresses. During his whole career in Congress Mr. McKinley was a consistent advocate of a protective tariff.

At the Ohio Republican Convention of 1888 he was elected a delegate to the national convention. When it was found that Blaine would not accept the nomination there was a movement started for McKinley, but he had gone to the convention committed to John Sherman, and felt in honor bound to do all in his power to bring about Sherman's nomination. He leaped upon his chair at the head of the Ohio delegation and made a passionate appeal to the delegates not to continue voting for him.

It was in the Fifty-first Congress that McKinley's great political opportunity came. He was a leading candidate for the speakership with Thomas B. Reed. Reed was elected. Naturally, the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee fell to McKinley. On April 6th, 1890, he introduced the general tariff measure which has since borne his name. The bill was passed by the Senate and became a law on October 6th, 1890. During all of the great struggle while the bill was pending, McKinley displayed qualities of leadership of the highest order. Before the next election came around his district had again been gerrymandered against him, the adverse majority being fully 3,000. McKinley was defeated by 300 votes. His defeat really made him Governor of Ohio. His victory over Governor Campbell, the Democratic candidate for re-election, was decisive.

He was the presiding officer of the Republican National Convention at Minneapolis in 1892, when the attempt was made to stampede the delegates for him. It was a most trying situation, but he bore himself with coolness and decision. When Ohio recorded two votes for him he challenged the vote so as to put himself on record for Harrison. When the roll-call was complete, Harrison received 535 votes, Blaine 182, McKinley 182, and Reed 4. Leaving the chair, Mr. McKinley mounted a seat in the Ohio delegation and moved to make the nomination of Harrison unanimous. Governor McKinley's campaign tour through the West for Harrison was one of the marvels of the time. He made 325 speeches in 300 different towns. For over eight weeks he averaged more than seven speeches a day. He traveled over 16,000 miles and addressed more than 2,000,000 people.

On the expiration of his term as Governor he returned to his old home in Canton, where he lived quietly for six months. In the Republican National Convention held in St. Louis in 1896, he was nominated on the first ballot, and in the ensuing election he received a popular vote of 7,104,779, a plurality of 601,854 over his principal opponent, William Jennings Bryan.

The first administration of President McKinley was marked by the beginning of the revival of prosperity which has continued ever since, and by the successful waging of the war that wrested from Spain the last vestige of her vast empire beyond the sea, and that placed the United States in the first rank of world powers. The conclusion of the Treaty of Paris, the pacification and regeneration of Cuba, and the establishment of American military rule in the Philippines, together with the practical stamping out of organized rebellion there, are matters of history fresh in the memory of all.

The President and Mrs. McKinley took an extended trip across the continent in the spring to attend the launching of the battle-ship *Ohio* in San Francisco. But the trip was cut short by the severe and serious illness of Mrs. McKinley, who was, however, able to be brought to her Ohio home, where she recovered, so that her health was such that she was able to accompany the President to Buffalo. Most of the summer vacation was spent by the President and his wife in Canton, and they were about to return there when the tragedy at Buffalo happened.



LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



THE CABINET'S TEMPORARY HOME—THE GLENNY RESIDENCE ADJOINING THE MILBURN HOUSE, WHERE MCKINLEY LIES.



SECRETARIES ROOT AND HAY CONFERRING WITH A FRIEND.



THE LARGE APARTMENT IN THE MILBURN MANSION, TO WHICH THE PRESIDENT WAS TAKEN AFTER THE SHOOTING.—THE WINDOWS INDICATED BY X.



THE BUFFALO CLUB WHICH WAS THROWN OPEN TO THE PRESIDENT'S CABINET.



THE SPRAGUE MANSION, WHERE THE VICE-PRESIDENT REMAINED.

THE TEMPORARY HOME OF THE WOUNDED PRESIDENT.

BUFFALO OPENS ITS HOSPITABLE DOORS TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CABINET AND THE PRESIDENT'S FRIENDS.  
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY ITS SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, ROBERT LEE DUNN.



## How the President is Guarded.

Waldon Fawcett



THE PRESIDENT GUARDED BY HIS DETECTIVES AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE precautions taken to protect the person of the chief magistrate from bodily injury have in the case of no chief executive been anything like as elaborate as the safeguards which surround the most democratic European sovereign, and in the case of President McKinley the means adopted for precautionary purposes have, by his own express wish, been modified as much as possible. It may be safely said that no previous President has so exposed himself to possible harm. During the five years of his tenancy of the White House President McKinley has gone driving almost every day, and very frequently he and Mrs. McKinley have gone unattended, for long rides in the country near Washington. Finally, the President's love for walking has proven a great and constant source of uneasiness to many of his friends and to the Secret Service officials who consider themselves responsible for his welfare. At wholly unexpected times he has gone out alone for long strolls in the White House grounds and the adjacent streets, and, worse still, he has persistently indulged in an early-morning promenade at an hour when few pedestrians are stirring.

Only two Presidents—Lincoln and Cleveland—exercised unusual precautions to prevent assassination. In the case of Lincoln the great civil strife raging during his incumbency made it entirely natural that soldiers should be stationed as guards at the White House, but for all that he several times placed his life in jeopardy by seemingly rash acts. President Cleveland admittedly feared assassination, and apparently there was some ground for his uneasiness, since on one occasion during his administration a man suspected of intending to harm the chief executive actually gained admission to the White House.

When Cleveland was in office there was existent no regulation providing for the succession of a member of the Cabinet in the event of the death of both the President and Vice-President, and after the demise of Vice-President Hendricks, President Cleveland redoubled his efforts for self-protection, even abandoning several projected trips to various parts of the country. During his residence at the White House, President Cleveland never went driving that his carriage was not closely followed by a vehicle containing several detectives, and

very frequently a guard on horseback rode beside the President's carriage. When he went on a duck-shooting excursion down the Potomac he journeyed on a light-house tender manned by half a hundred marines, and a year or so before he retired from office he had a sentry-box erected on the front lawn, but this President McKinley ordered removed soon after his inauguration.

Profiting by the lesson taught by the assassination of President Garfield, the officials arrange for the careful patrol of the railroad station from which the President is to depart, and this same precaution is taken at every station where the train stops and at every terminal where the Presidential party debark during a tour, the railroad officials co-operating with the Secret Service men in the undertaking. A watchfulness equally complete is maintained while the train bearing the President is speeding from place to place. Track-walkers and section gangs inspect every bridge and tunnel at the latest possible moment before the passage of the train, and a locomotive precedes the Presidential train on a running schedule only a few minutes in advance of that of the "special"—so brief an interval, in fact, that it would be literally impossible for any persons to loosen a rail or place obstructions on the track during the few minutes intervening before the passage of the Presidential train.

A brief outline of the precautions taken prior to the journeys of President McKinley to the Pacific coast and to Buffalo will indicate how intricate is the protective system called into action. Major Sylvester, the chief of police of Washington, and also president of the Police Association of the United States and Canada, wrote in advance to the chief of police of every city to be visited, apprising him of the time of arrival of the chief executive, and giving advice as to the best manner in which to deploy officers and detectives to protect the President. Simultaneously the Secret Service men in every large city to be visited were instructed to place

themselves in readiness to co-operate with the Secret Service men accompanying the Presidential party, and, finally, local detectives in each city are on such an occasion detailed to aid the Secret Service men in placing all suspicious characters under surveillance.

As a rule, there has never been more than one Secret Service man with President McKinley when he was making a journey, although, as explained, this man has been joined by one or two other members of the same organization in each large city. The reason for limiting the guard to a single operative upon ordinary occasions was found in President McKinley's well-known dislike for obtrusive protective measures. President McKinley frequently recognized the Secret Service men who remained persistently at his side, but he has made no objection to their presence, as he was well aware that were these men removed others would be speedily detailed in their places.

President McKinley's closest attendant among the Secret Service men is George Foster, an experienced operative connected with the Secret Service Bureau at Washington, who was with the President when he was attacked at Buffalo. Foster has virtually served as the bodyguard of the chief executive for several years past. He accompanied President McKinley on his California tour, and was stationed at Canton during the chief magistrate's vacation interval at his old home at Canton. Whenever the President went through a crowd, or held a reception, he was right at his elbow all the time.

Another feature of a revised form of procedure now in process of formulation is to always place the President above the masses on public occasions—out of reach of any assailant, as it were. In parades it is planned to invariably provide plenty of room between the President's carriage and the mass of the people. Finally, in the case of public receptions, in the future there will be provided a sufficient number of detectives and Secret Service men to form a long lane, through which each person who wishes to greet the President must pass, and it is believed that with such an inspection it will be impossible for any intending assassin to employ a ruse, such as concealing a revolver in a handkerchief, as was done at Buffalo.

## How He Saved the President's Life.

MANY inaccurate and conflicting stories have been told of the shooting of the President and of the events of the few minutes succeeding the commission of the act, when all was confusion in the Temple of Music. Eye-witnesses of the tragedy agree that the first to seize the assassin was a colored man named James B. Parker, and, as Czolgosz, the assassin, has stated that he intended to empty the barrels of his revolver, the probability is that he would have succeeded in firing again had not Parker seized him in time to prevent a third shot. Parker claims no credit for his act, but is glad that it fell to a colored man, perhaps, to save the life of the President. He is a stalwart negro, over six feet in height, and is a native of Georgia. His mother was a Savannah colored woman, and his father was half Spanish and half negro, and was born on St. John's Island, off Charlestown. Parker received a good education in Atlanta. Since the exposition opened he has been employed at the Plaza restaurant on the grounds, and got off from his work Friday afternoon, September 6th, in order to shake hands with the President at the Temple of Music. The following story of the shooting is signed by him as his true statement:

"I was next in line behind Czolgosz. I tried several

times to get in front of him, but he pushed me back with his elbow. There was nothing in his actions to indicate what he intended doing. Just in front of him was a little girl. She shook hands with the President, and then came Czolgosz. He did not try to shake hands with the President with his left hand, as has been stated. In his right hand he held the revolver, wrapped in a handkerchief. Seeing it, the President thought his hand was sore and put out his hand as if to take the anarchist's left hand. As he did so, Czolgosz fired twice. Everybody seemed to be struck with astonishment as they heard the shots, and no one moved for a moment, except myself.

"Some way I did not lose my presence of mind. I leaned forward and struck him in the nose with my right fist, making his nose bleed, and with my left hand I reached to take the pistol from him. I missed the pistol and grabbed him by the throat and choked him. He raised his right hand and pointed it either at me or the President; I could not tell which. I am sure that he meant to fire again. At that moment he up with his right hand, with the burning handkerchief in it, and the special officer grabbed the pistol and took it away from him. Then a marine jumped on the officer and took the pistol from

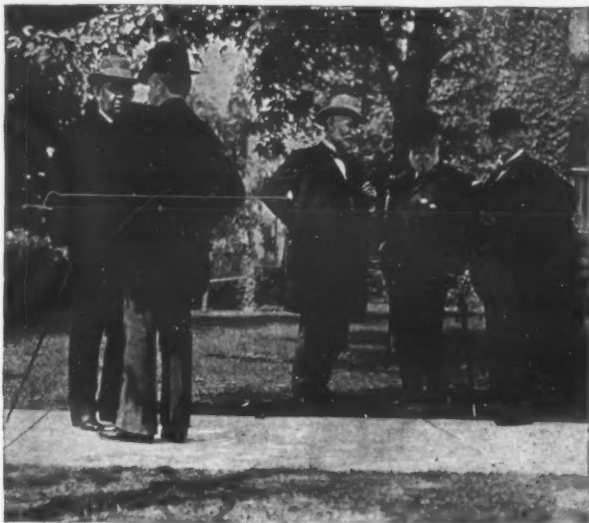
him, and the crowd commenced to kick and pummel him, thinking he had done the shooting. A man whom I believe to be a Secret Service officer gave Czolgosz a terrible blow in the face, which threw me and him down. Then the officer who was being attacked through mistake kept yelling to the crowd, 'I'm not the man. I'm a special officer. There's the man, over there,' pointing to where I had Czolgosz on the floor. We had struggled some seconds on the floor before the exposition police reached us, and they stopped him with two awful licks on the head. I believe that my striking Czolgosz kept him from emptying his pistol, and probably prevented the President from being shot again. I am more than glad to have been the right man in the right place, not for my benefit, but for the benefit of my race. Out of the 100,000 white people on the ground, I am glad it came to a colored man to do this act."

This is a true statement of what occurred when the President was shot.

*J. B. Parker*



# LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



SENATOR HANNA CONFERRING WITH SECRETARY SMITH. SECRETARIES WILSON AND HITCHCOCK ADVISING WITH CONGRESSMAN GROSVENOR BEFORE GIVING OUT PRESS INTERVIEWS.



DR. CHARLES MCBURNEY.



DOCTORS MYNTER AND WASDIN LEAVING THE NEWSPAPER INTERVIEWERS.



SENATOR HANNA EXPRESSING TO SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR HITCHCOCK HIS ASSURED OPTIMISM OVER THE PROSPECTS OF THE PRESIDENT'S RECOVERY, WHEN THE FIRST FAVORABLE BULLETINS WERE ISSUED.—Copyright by the Judge Company, 1901.



ARRIVAL OF ARNER MCKINLEY, THE PRESIDENT'S BROTHER.



ARNER MCKINLEY'S DAUGHTER, MRS. BAKER, CALLS ON THE PRESIDENT.

## SOME OF THE PRESIDENT'S PHYSICIANS AND CALLERS.

INTERESTING SNAP-SHOTS BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER NEAR THE MILBURN RESIDENCE.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT LEE DUNN.





GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT REPLYING TO SENATOR WOLCOTT'S OFFICIAL NOTIFICATION.



THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY THE NATIONAL CONVENTION ASCENDING THE PLAZA OF GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S RESIDENCE AT OYSTER BAY, TO NOTIFY HIM OF HIS NOMINATION.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DELIVERING HIS ELOQUENT RESPONSE TO THE COMMITTEE ON THE PORCH OF HIS RESIDENCE AT CANTON, O.  
*Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by Fred W. Meyer.*

### THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES OFFICIALLY NOTIFIED.

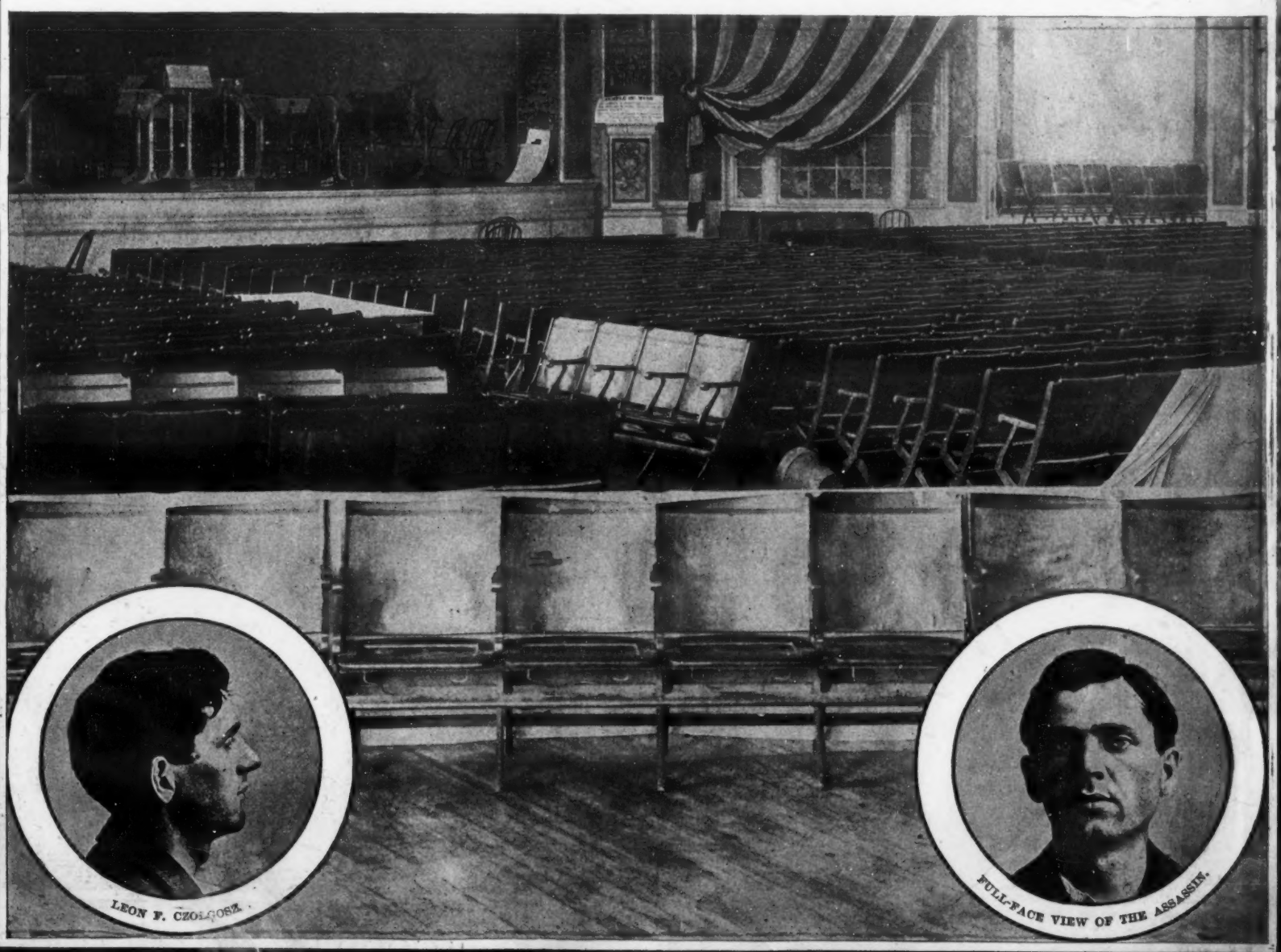
INTERESTING EXERCISES AT CANTON, O., AND OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND, N. Y., THE RESPECTIVE RESIDENCES OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT.



LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE, NOW RENDERED HISTORIC.  
ON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH, PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DELIVERED HIS SPEECH FROM THE STAND ON THE RIGHT. ON FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6TH, HIS ASSASSIN WAS HURRIED FROM THE INFURIATED MOB ACROSS THIS BRIDGE BY THE POLICE AND SOLDIERY.



THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC, WHERE THE PRESIDENT WAS SHOT.  
THE VICTIM OF THE FOUL ASSASSIN AFTER THE SHOOTING SANK INTO THE SECOND CHAIR TO THE LEFT OF THE FOUR IN THE AISLE.





"GOOD-BYE, ALL! GOOD-BYE! IT IS GOD'S

After they left the sick-room the physicians rallied him to consciousness, and the President asked almost immediately that his wife be brought to him. The doctors fell back. She sat beside him and held his hand. Despite her physical weakness, she bore up bravely under the ordeal. The President, in his last period of consciousness, as taken down by Dr. Mann at the bedside were: "Good-bye, all, good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done."





T IS GOD'S WAY. HIS WILL BE DONE!"

ers fell back  
last period  
He will be  
the shadows of the room as Mrs. McKinley came through the doorway. The strong face of the dying man lighted up with a faint smile as their hands were clasped.  
sciousness, which ended about 7:40 o'clock, chanted the words of the beautiful hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and his last audible  
The Associated Press's report of the President's last hours.—(Drawn from sketches at the Milburn house by T. Dart Walker.)

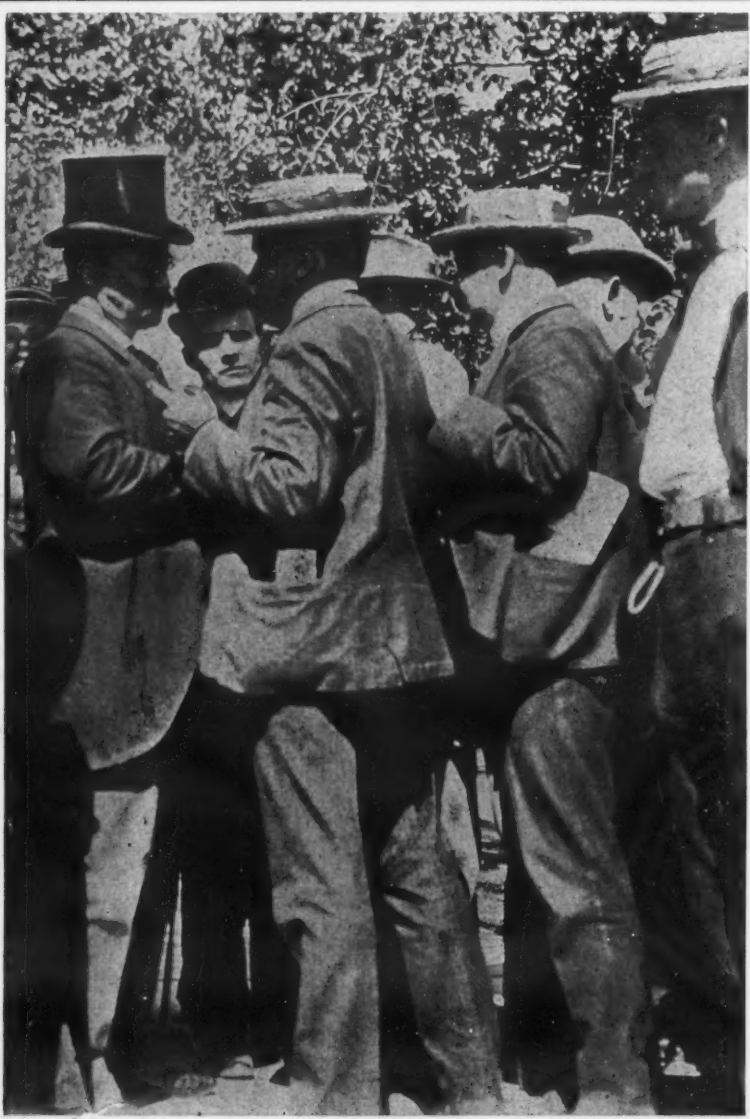




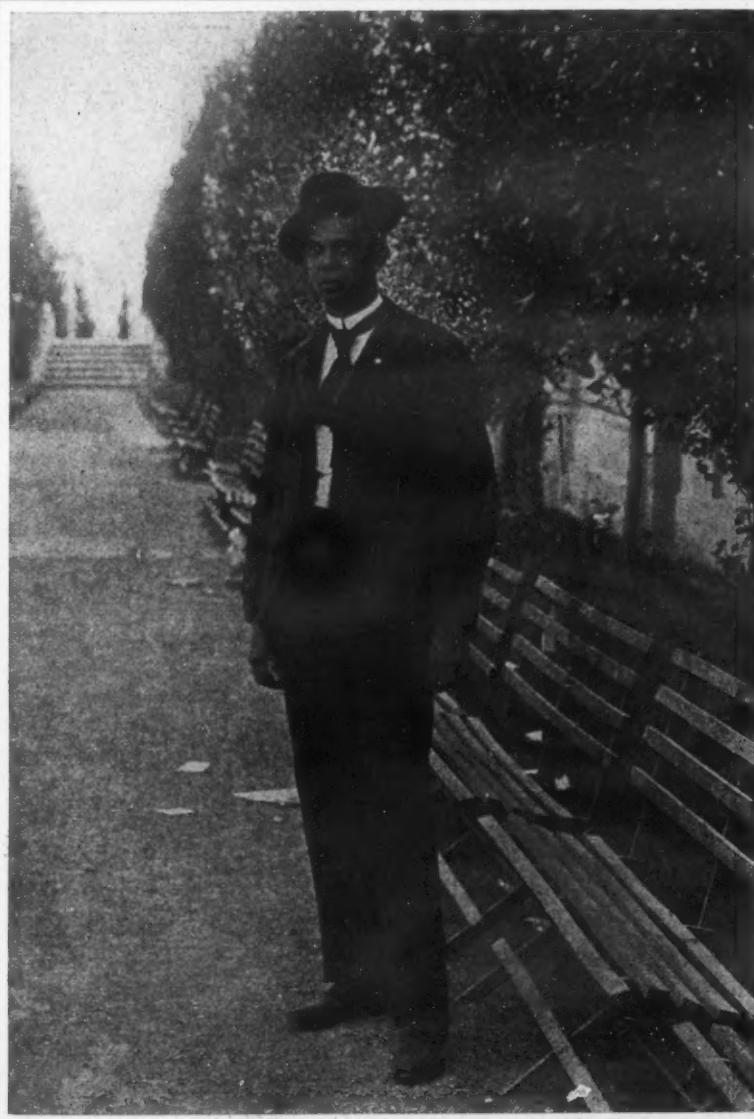
THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRESIDENT.—TAKEN BY C. J. WADDELL, OF ALBANY, N. Y., TWENTY MINUTES BEFORE THE SHOOTING.—Copyright by C. J. Waddell, 1901.



THE LAST PUBLIC UTTERANCE OF THE PRESIDENT BEFORE THE SHOOTING—THE FAMOUS SPEECH OF SEPTEMBER 5TH.—Photograph by L. B. Hart, Buffalo.



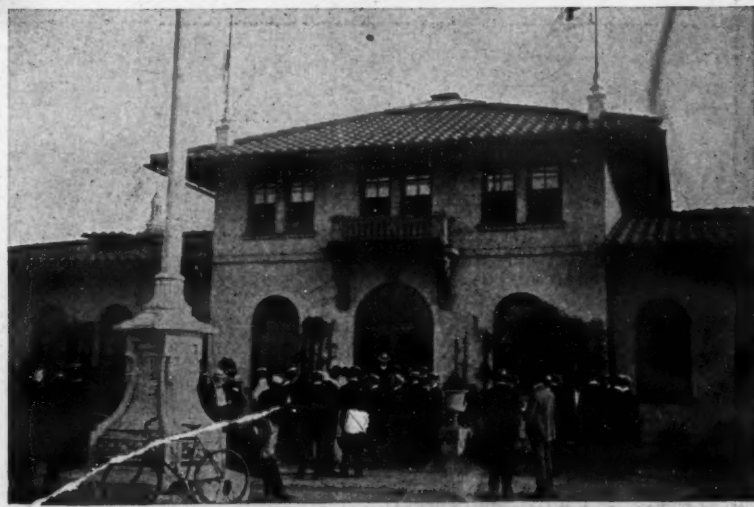
VICE-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT BEING INTERVIEWED BY HOWARD THOMPSON FOR THE PRESS, AT THE MILBURN RESIDENCE, BUFFALO.—Photograph by R. L. Dunn.



JAMES B. PARKER, THE COLORED MAN WHO PREVENTED CZOLGOSZ FROM FIRING A THIRD SHOT AT THE PRESIDENT. READ HIS OWN STORY PUBLISHED IN THIS ISSUE.



POSTMASTER-GENERAL SMITH AND EX-POSTMASTER-GENERAL BISSELL LEAVING THE MILBURN HOME.—Photograph by R. L. Dunn.



SECRETARY CORTELYOU MAKING THE FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PRESIDENT'S CONDITION AFTER THE OPERATION AT THE EXPOSITION HOSPITAL. Photograph by C. J. Waddell, Albany.

## THE SHOOTING OF THE PRESIDENT.

HIS LAST PHOTOGRAPH BEFORE THE TRAGEDY, AND OTHER PICTURES OF SPECIAL INTEREST.—[SEE PAGE 260.]



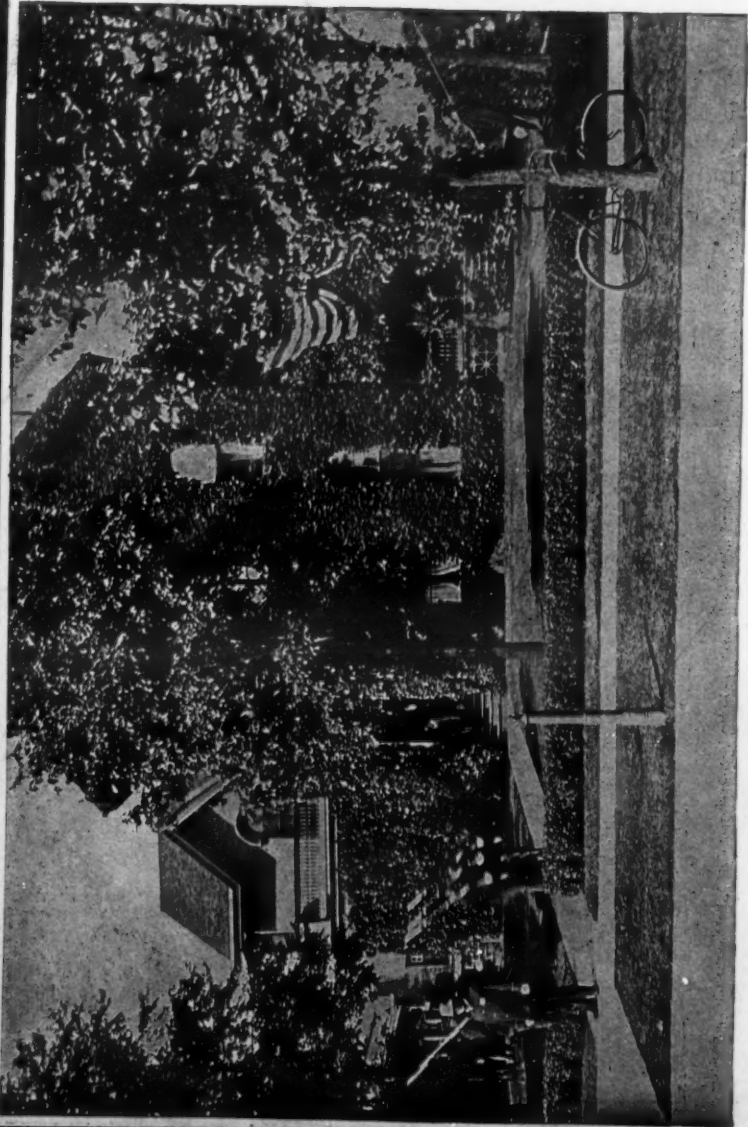


THE **McKINLEY AND ROOSEVELT, PHOTOGRAPHED JUST BEFORE THE ELECTION OF 1900.**

AND WAS VERY POPULAR DURING THE CAMPAIGN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH BROTHERS, NEW YORK. COPYRIGHT, 1900.



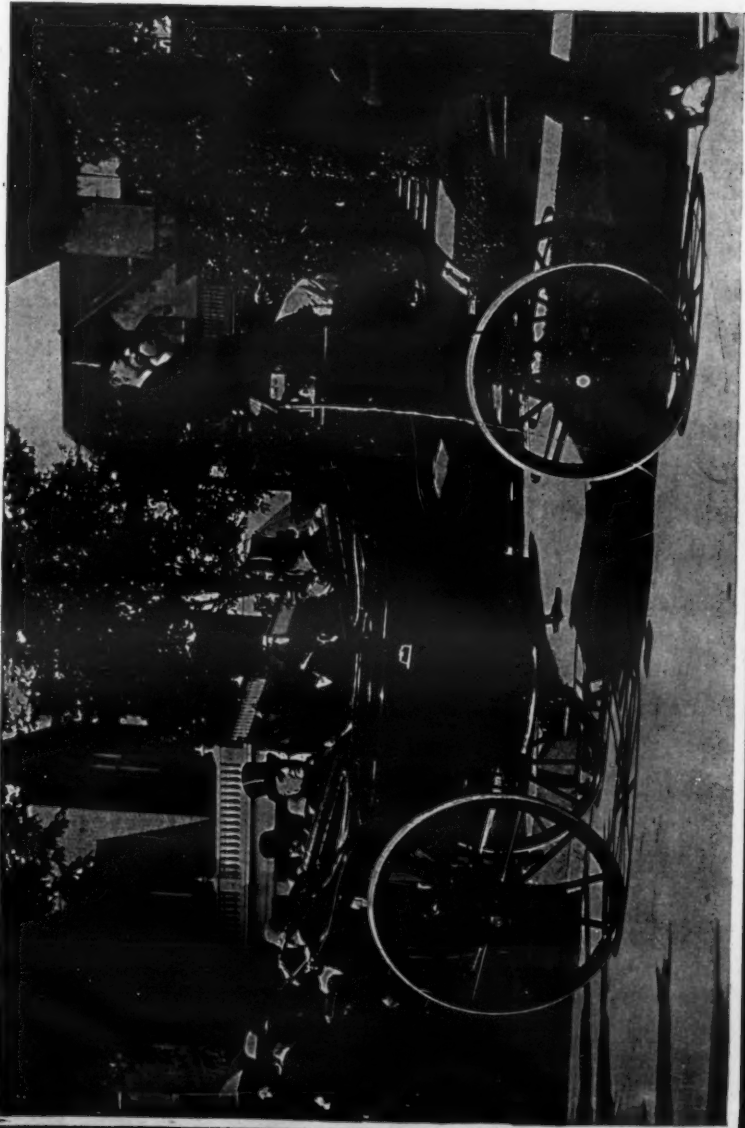
# LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



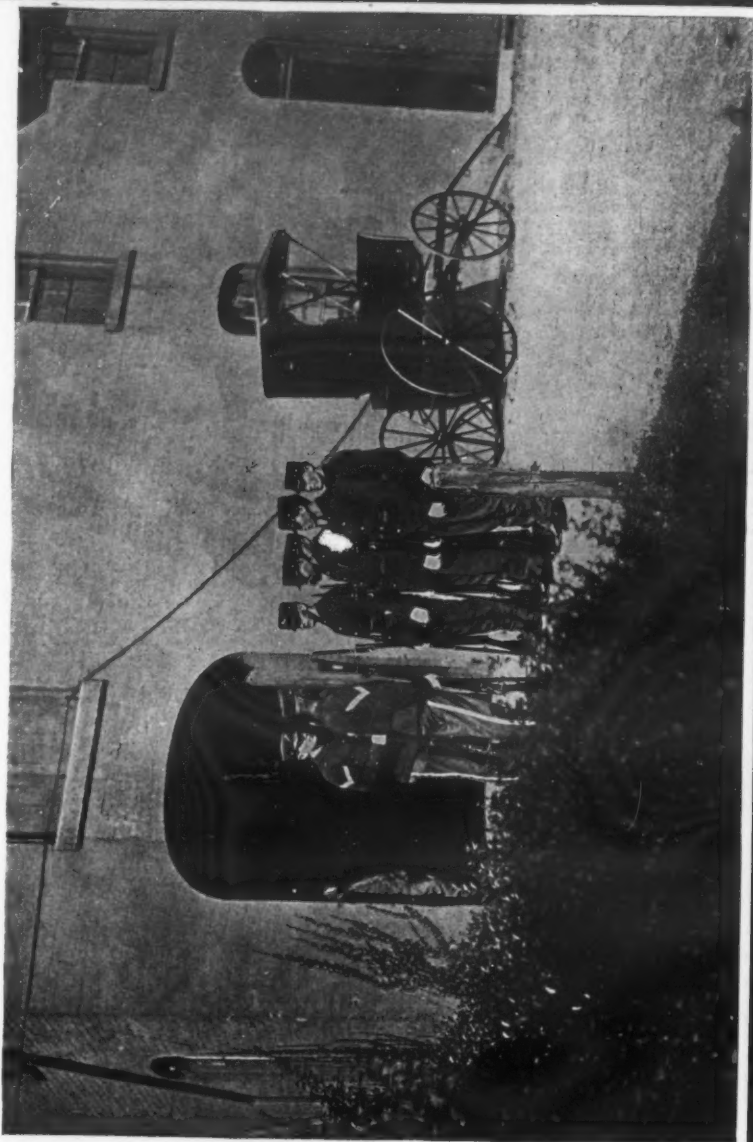
SOLDIERS AND OFFICERS IN FRONT OF THE MILBURN HOUSE.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL WELCH CROSSING THE STADIUM, THE DAY BEFORE THE TRAGEDY.



THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. MCKINLEY STARTING FOR NIAGARA FALLS, ON THE MORNING OF THE DREADFUL DAY. Photograph by R. L. Dunn, Our Special Staff Photographer.



GUARD-MOUNT OF FOURTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY CORPS, JUST RETIRED FROM THE PHILIPPINES, IN FRONT OF THE MILBURN STABLES, NOW USED AS A TELEGRAPH-OFFICE.—Photograph by Oscar A. Simon & Brother.

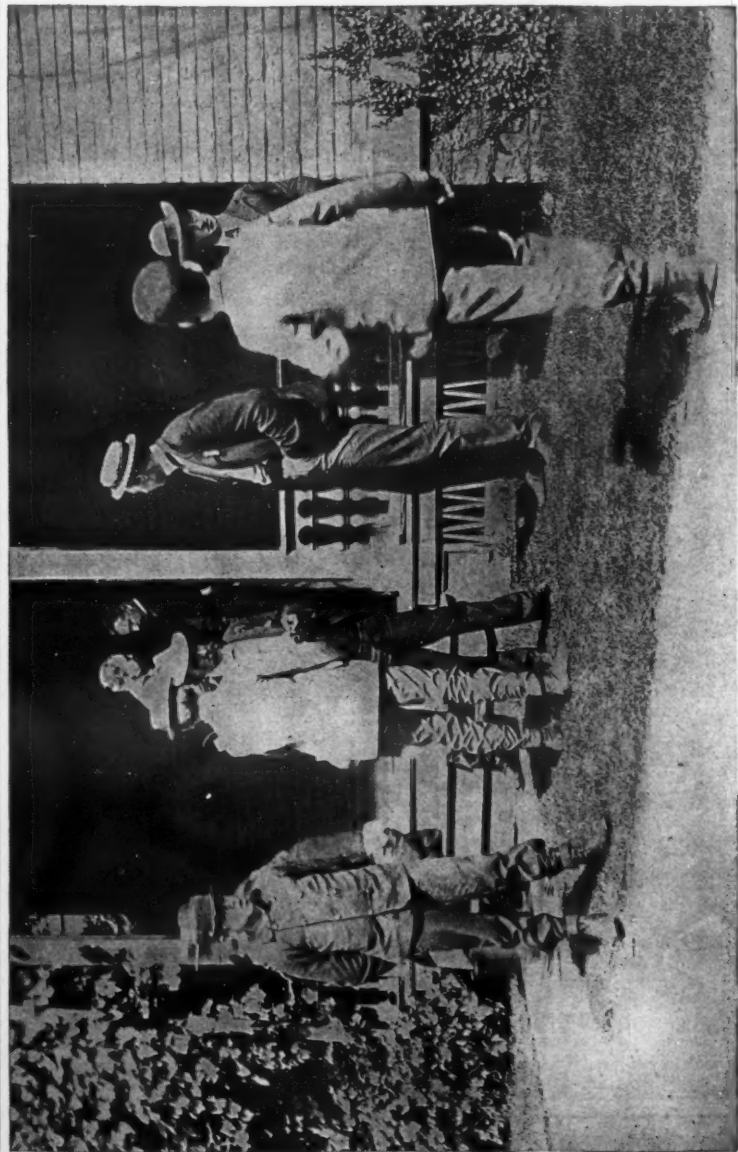
BEFORE AND AFTER THE SHOOTING.



THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. McKinley starting for Niagara Falls, on the morning of the dreadful day. Photograph by R. L. Dunn, Our Special Staff Photographer.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE SHOOTING.

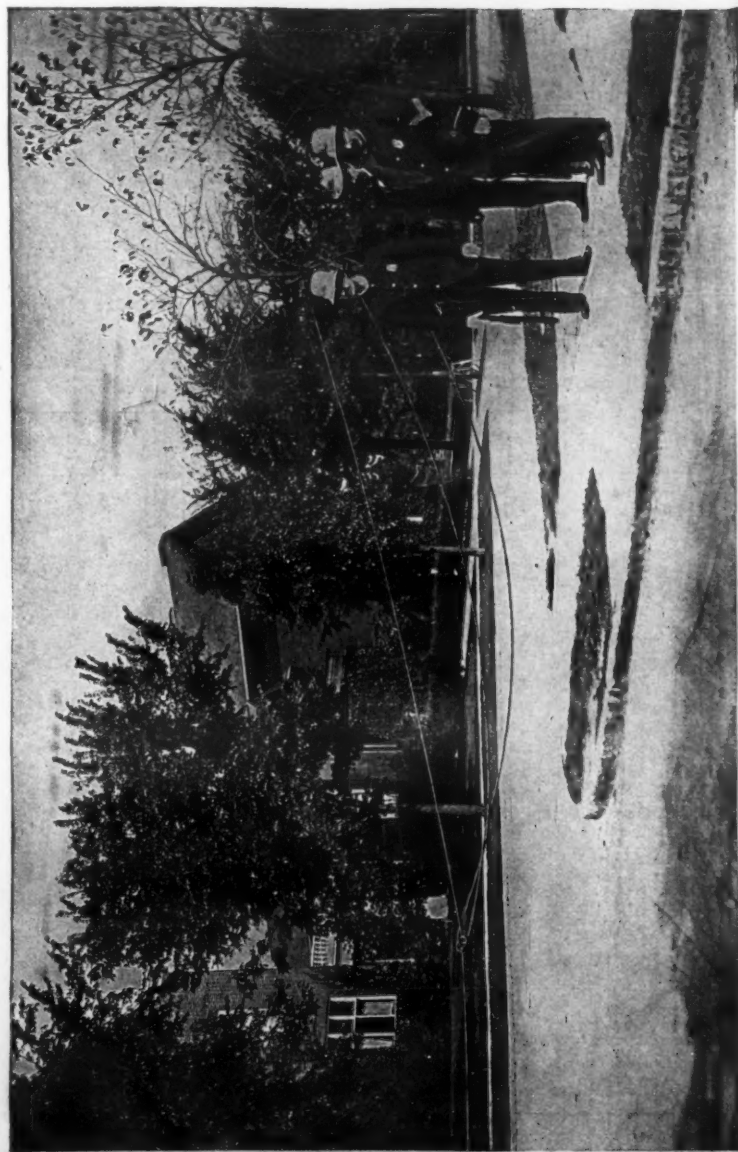
# LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



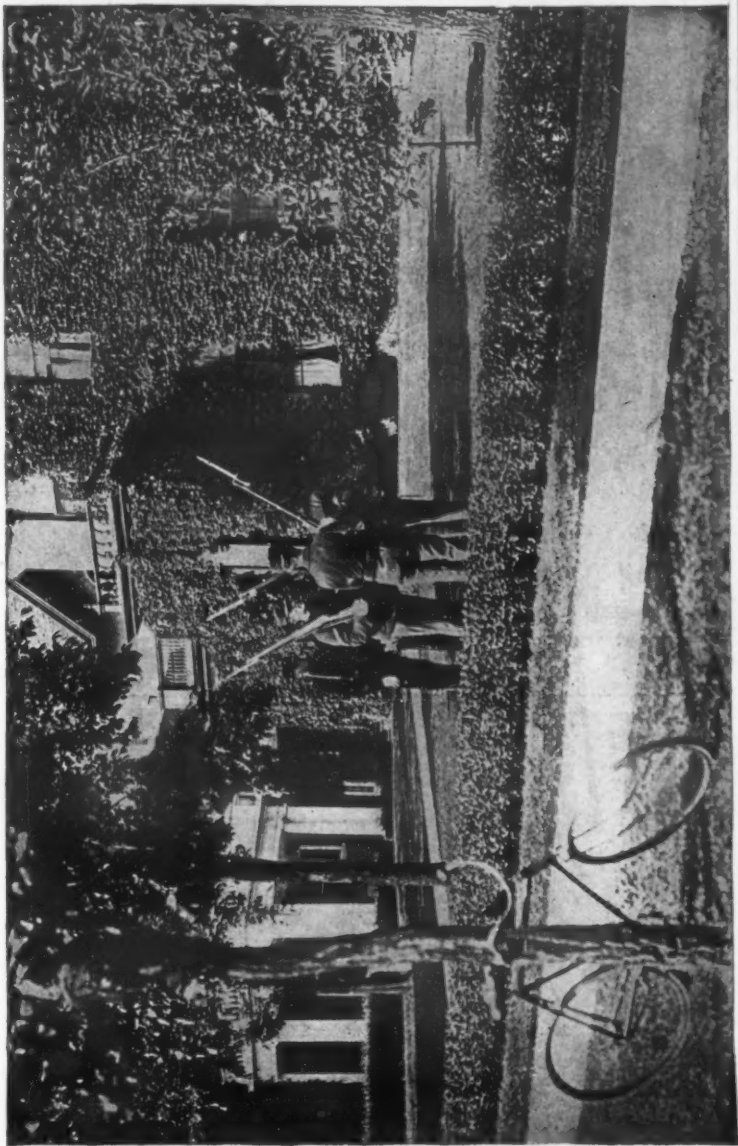
SECRETARY CORTELYOU GIVING OUT BULLETINS.



MR. MILBURN SMILES AS HE ANNOUNCES AN IMPROVEMENT IN THE PRESIDENT'S CONDITION.



POLICEMEN GUARD THE FRONT OF THE MILBURN HOUSE.



THE FOURTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY COLPS CHARGING GUARD.

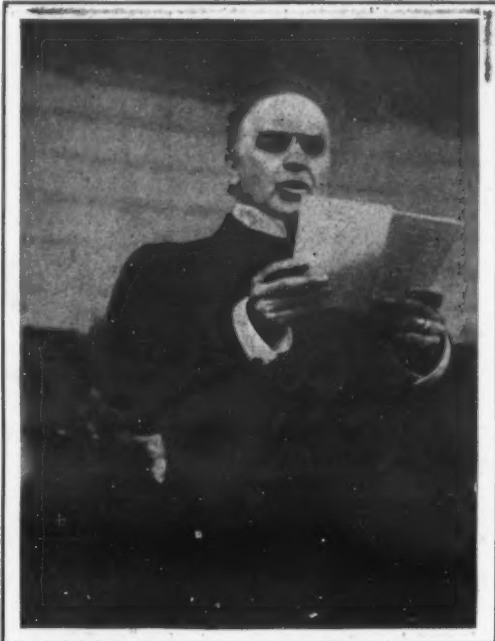
## WHERE OUR SUFFERING PRESIDENT WAS TAKEN.

THE RESIDENCE OF JOHN G. MILBURN. PRESIDENT OF THE PAN-AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY OSCAR A. SIMON & BROTHER.

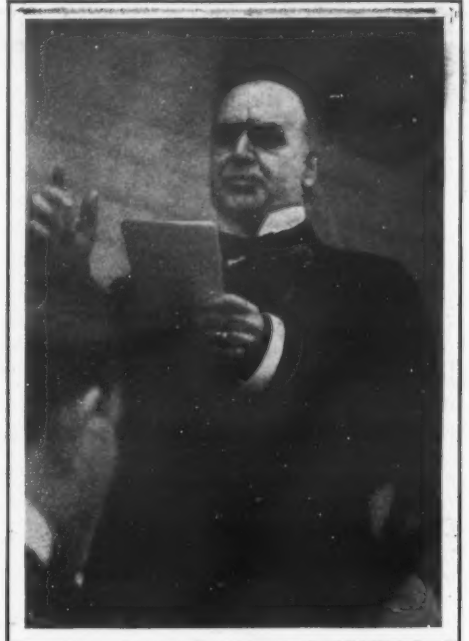




JUST BEFORE BEGINNING TO SPEAK.



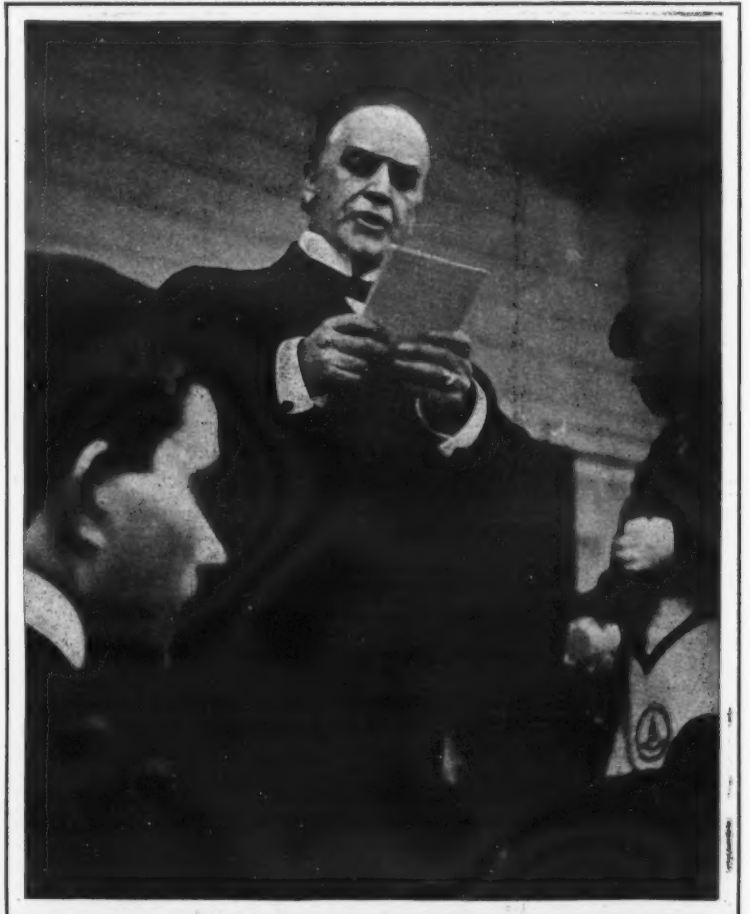
THE OPENING PAGE OF HIS MANUSCRIPT.



THE FIRST GESTURE.



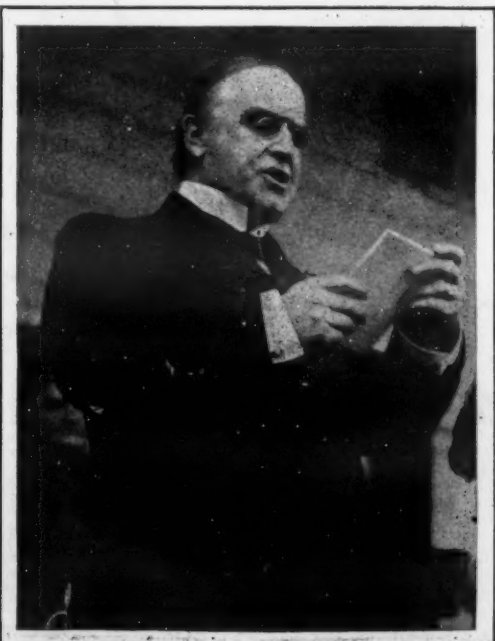
WAITING FOR THE APPLAUSE TO SUBSIDE.



IN THE MIDST OF AN ELOQUENT PASSAGE.



BEGINNING A NEW TOPIC.



A CHARACTERISTIC POSE WHILE SPEAKING.



THE PERORATION.

### PRESIDENT McKINLEY PICTURED AS A SPEAKER.

FROM SNAP-SHOTS TAKEN BY B. M. CLINEDINST, FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY," WHILE THE PRESIDENT WAS DELIVERING HIS ELOQUENT ADDRESS AT THE MOUNT VERNON WASHINGTON MEMORIAL EXERCISES.



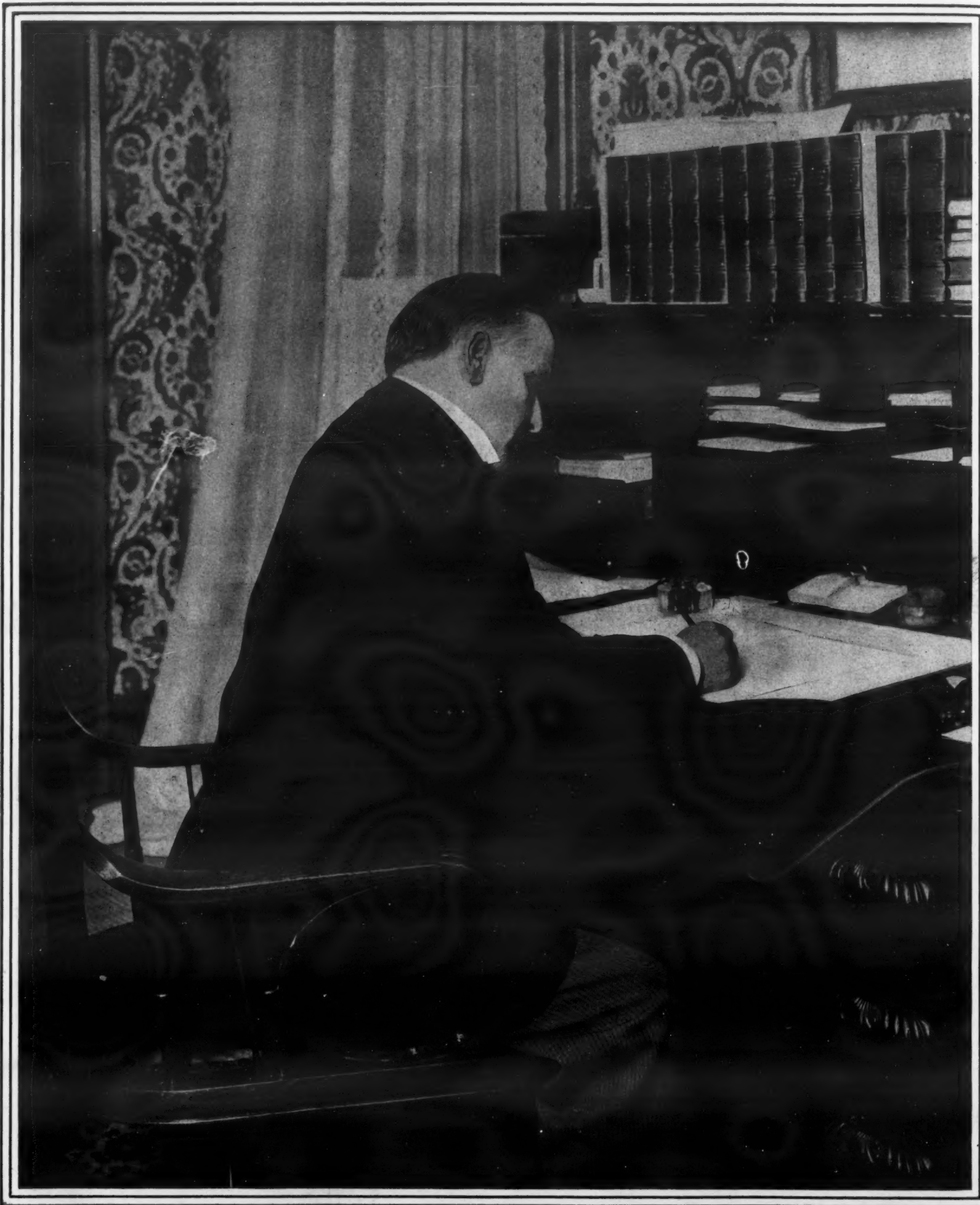


HAPPY MOOD OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY ON THE DAY OF THE TRAGEDY.  
WHILE DRIVING TO THE RECEPTION AT WHICH HE WAS SOON AFTER SHOT, HE WAS FULL OF SMILES AND CHEERFULNESS. HIS COMPANION IS MR. MILBURN.  
*Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by James D. Saulsbury, Batavia, N. Y.*



READING THE BULLETINS AT THE PRESIDENT'S HOME IN CANTON, O.  
FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS DELIGHTED OVER THE FIRST FAVORABLE ADVICES. THE VENERABLE JOSEPH SAXTON, MRS. MCKINLEY'S UNCLE, IN THE FOREGROUND.  
*Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by James F. Currie, Canton, O.*





**PRESIDENT McKINLEY SIGNING HIS LATEST THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.**

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PERMISSION OF THE PRESIDENT AT HIS HOME IN CANTON, O., BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, R. L. DUNN.



# MCKINLEY FUNERAL NUMBER.

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## LESLIE'S WEEKLY



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

STANDING BY THE CASKET OF THE LATE PRESIDENT, AS THE BODY LAY IN STATE IN THE CITY HALL AT BUFFALO.—DRAWN FOR  
"LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY T. DART WALKER.



## How the President is Guarded.

Waldon Fawcett



THE PRESIDENT GUARDED BY HIS DETECTIVES AT THE EXPOSITION.

THE precautions taken to protect the person of the chief magistrate from bodily injury have in the case of no chief executive been anything like as elaborate as the safeguards which surround the most democratic European sovereign, and in the case of President McKinley the means adopted for precautionary purposes have, by his own express wish, been modified as much as possible. It may be safely said that no previous President has so exposed himself to possible harm. During the five years of his tenancy of the White House President McKinley has gone driving almost every day, and very frequently he and Mrs. McKinley have gone unattended, for long rides in the country near Washington. Finally, the President's love for walking has proven a great and constant source of uneasiness to many of his friends and to the Secret Service officials who consider themselves responsible for his welfare. At wholly unexpected times he has gone out alone for long strolls in the White House grounds and the adjacent streets, and, worse still, he has persistently indulged in an early-morning promenade at an hour when few pedestrians are stirring.

Only two Presidents—Lincoln and Cleveland—exercised unusual precautions to prevent assassination. In the case of Lincoln the great civil strife raging during his incumbency made it entirely natural that soldiers should be stationed as guards at the White House, but for all that he several times placed his life in jeopardy by seemingly rash acts. President Cleveland admittedly feared assassination, and apparently there was some ground for his uneasiness, since on one occasion during his administration a man suspected of intending to harm the chief executive actually gained admission to the White House.

When Cleveland was in office there was existent no regulation providing for the succession of a member of the Cabinet in the event of the death of both the President and Vice-President, and after the demise of Vice-President Hendricks, President Cleveland redoubled his efforts for self-protection, even abandoning several projected trips to various parts of the country. During his residence at the White House, President Cleveland never went driving that his carriage was not closely followed by a vehicle containing several detectives, and

very frequently a guard on horseback rode beside the President's carriage. When he went on a duck-shooting excursion down the Potomac he journeyed on a light-house tender manned by half a hundred marines, and a year or so before he retired from office he had a sentry-box erected on the front lawn, but this President McKinley ordered removed soon after his inauguration.

Profiting by the lesson taught by the assassination of President Garfield, the officials arrange for the careful patrol of the railroad station from which the President is to depart, and this same precaution is taken at every station where the train stops and at every terminal where the Presidential party debark during a tour, the railroad officials co-operating with the Secret Service men in the undertaking. A watchfulness equally complete is maintained while the train bearing the President is speeding from place to place. Track-walkers and section gangs inspect every bridge and tunnel at the latest possible moment before the passage of the train, and a locomotive precedes the Presidential train on a running schedule only a few minutes in advance of that of the "special"—so brief an interval, in fact, that it would be literally impossible for any persons to loosen a rail or place obstructions on the track during the few minutes intervening before the passage of the Presidential train.

A brief outline of the precautions taken prior to the journeys of President McKinley to the Pacific coast and to Buffalo will indicate how intricate is the protective system called into action. Major Sylvester, the chief of police of Washington, and also president of the Police Association of the United States and Canada, wrote in advance to the chief of police of every city to be visited, apprising him of the time of arrival of the chief executive, and giving advice as to the best manner in which to deploy officers and detectives to protect the President. Simultaneously the Secret Service men in every large city to be visited were instructed to place

themselves in readiness to co-operate with the Secret Service men accompanying the Presidential party, and, finally, local detectives in each city are on such an occasion detailed to aid the Secret Service men in placing all suspicious characters under surveillance.

As a rule, there has never been more than one Secret Service man with President McKinley when he was making a journey, although, as explained, this man has been joined by one or two other members of the same organization in each large city. The reason for limiting the guard to a single operative upon ordinary occasions was found in President McKinley's well-known dislike for obtrusive protective measures. President McKinley frequently recognized the Secret Service men who remained persistently at his side, but he has made no objection to their presence, as he was well aware that were these men removed others would be speedily detailed in their places.

President McKinley's closest attendant among the Secret Service men is George Foster, an experienced operative connected with the Secret Service Bureau at Washington, who was with the President when he was attacked at Buffalo. Foster has virtually served as the bodyguard of the chief executive for several years past. He accompanied President McKinley on his California tour, and was stationed at Canton during the chief magistrate's vacation interval at his old home at Canton. Whenever the President went through a crowd, or held a reception, he was right at his elbow all the time.

Another feature of a revised form of procedure now in process of formulation is to always place the President above the masses on public occasions—out of reach of any assailant, as it were. In parades it is planned to invariably provide plenty of room between the President's carriage and the mass of the people. Finally, in the case of public receptions, in the future there will be provided a sufficient number of detectives and Secret Service men to form a long lane, through which each person who wishes to greet the President must pass, and it is believed that with such an inspection it will be impossible for any intending assassin to employ a ruse, such as concealing a revolver in a handkerchief, as was done at Buffalo.

## How He Saved the President's Life.

MANY inaccurate and conflicting stories have been told of the shooting of the President and of the events of the few minutes succeeding the commission of the act, when all was confusion in the Temple of Music. Eye-witnesses of the tragedy agree that the first to seize the assassin was a colored man named James B. Parker, and, as Czolgosz, the assassin, has stated that he intended to empty the barrels of his revolver, the probability is that he would have succeeded in firing again had not Parker seized him in time to prevent a third shot. Parker claims no credit for his act, but is glad that it fell to a colored man, perhaps, to save the life of the President. He is a stalwart negro, over six feet in height, and is a native of Georgia. His mother was a Savannah colored woman, and his father was half Spanish and half negro, and was born on St. John's Island, off Charlestown. Parker received a good education in Atlanta. Since the exposition opened he has been employed at the Plaza restaurant on the grounds, and got off from his work Friday afternoon, September 6th, in order to shake hands with the President at the Temple of Music. The following story of the shooting is signed by him as his true statement:

"I was next in line behind Czolgosz. I tried several

times to get in front of him, but he pushed me back with his elbow. There was nothing in his actions to indicate what he intended doing. Just in front of him was a little girl. She shook hands with the President, and then came Czolgosz. He did not try to shake hands with the President with his left hand, as has been stated. In his right hand he held the revolver, wrapped in a handkerchief. Seeing it, the President thought his hand was sore and put out his hand as if to take the anarchist's left hand. As he did so, Czolgosz fired twice. Everybody seemed to be struck with astonishment as they heard the shots, and no one moved for a moment, except myself.

"Some way I did not lose my presence of mind. I leaned forward and struck him in the nose with my right fist, making his nose bleed, and with my left hand I reached to take the pistol from him. I missed the pistol and grabbed him by the throat and choked him. He raised his right hand and pointed it either at me or the President; I could not tell which. I am sure that he meant to fire again. At that moment he up with his right hand, with the burning handkerchief in it, and the special officer grabbed the pistol and took it away from him. Then a marine jumped on the officer and took the pistol from

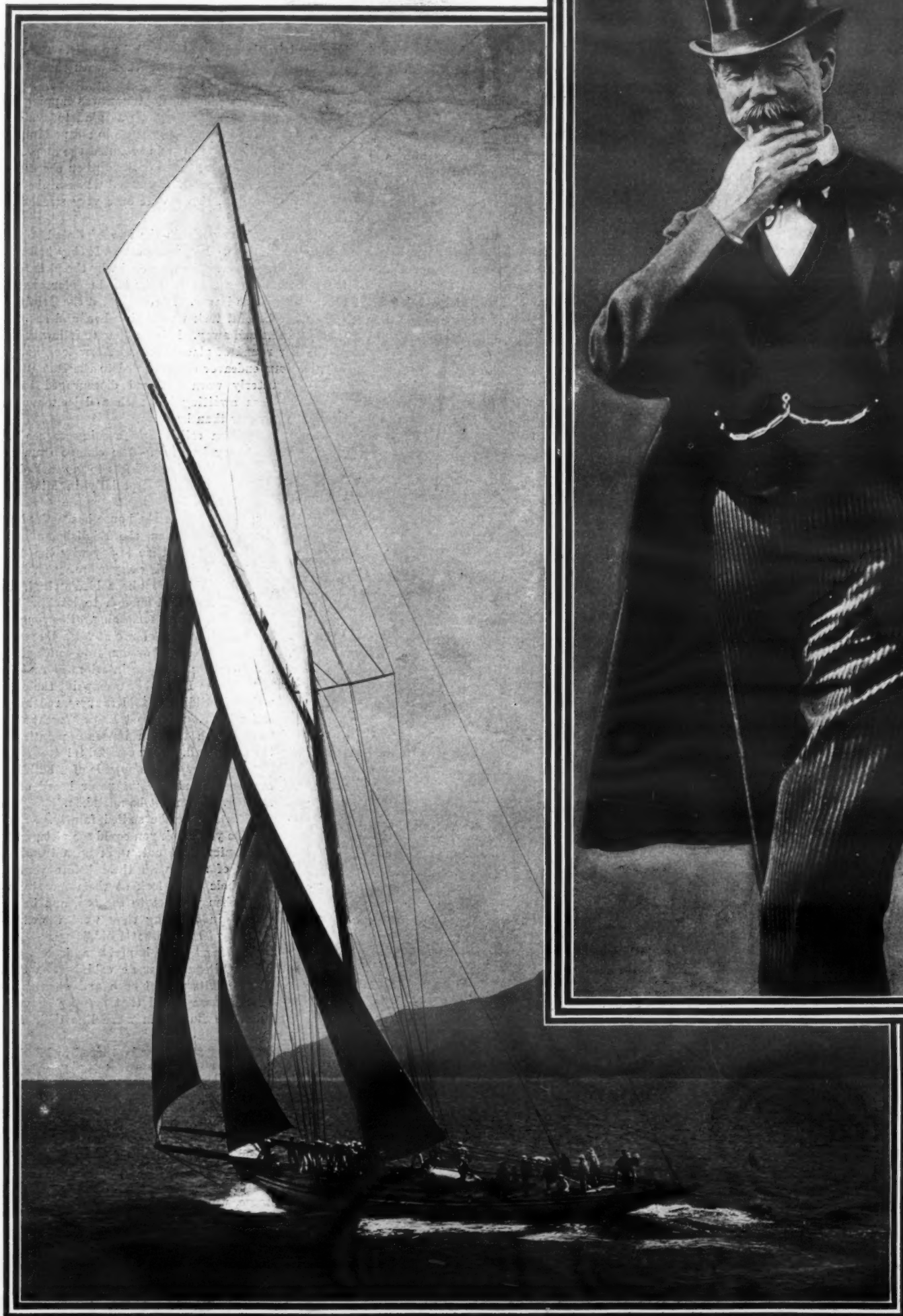
him, and the crowd commenced to kick and pummel him, thinking he had done the shooting. A man whom I believe to be a Secret Service officer gave Czolgosz a terrible blow in the face, which threw me and him down. Then the officer who was being attacked through mistake kept yelling to the crowd, 'I'm not the man. I'm a special officer. There's the man, over there,' pointing to where I had Czolgosz on the floor. We had struggled some seconds on the floor before the exposition police reached us, and they stopped him with two awful licks on the head. I believe that my striking Czolgosz kept him from emptying his pistol, and probably prevented the President from being shot again. I am more than glad to have been the right man in the right place, not for my benefit, but for the benefit of my race. Out of the 100,000 white people on the ground, I am glad it came to a colored man to do this act."

This is a true statement of what occurred when the President was shot.

*J. B. Parker*



**SIR THOMAS LIPTON,**  
who expects to lift the cup, and  
**SHAMROCK II.,**  
with which he hopes to do it.



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J. C. Hamment.



**CAN HE LIFT THE CUP?**

(SEE ARTICLE, "WHY 'SHAMROCK II.' CANNOT WIN," ON PAGE 260.)



# The Pictures on the Wall.

By  
John J. a' Becket.



## IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

ABOUT noon, November 9th, 1872, two young American girls were making their way through a furiously pelting rain to the Paris banking house of Bowles Brothers.

Nora O'Donnell and Frances Edgecombe had come to Paris six weeks before to study art. Reverses of fortune had made it incumbent on the latter, who was her companion's junior by a year, to support her widowed mother and herself. The only avocation for which her tastes and talent fitted her was that of an artist, and she had prevailed on Mrs. Edgecombe, not without much urgent argument, to permit her to accompany Nora O'Donnell to Paris, that she might there qualify for such a career.

These weeks had been full of hope and happiness as well as of the hardest but most enjoyable work. In their stress of occupation they had thoughtlessly let themselves get down to a few francs. Hence the necessity of this trip to the bank for money despite the driving storm.

When they arrived there, breathless and with torn umbrellas, they found this notice on the door:

*"The bank has suspended payment."*

They looked at one another aghast, the ruddy glow of their wet faces dying out. In a nervous tremor they pushed into the bank. News of the calamity had evidently spread, for the place was crowded with excited men and women depositors. After much effort Miss Edgecombe succeeded in getting speech with one of the officials.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"The bank has been obliged to suspend payment," replied the official, with a perfectly business-like air.

"Can't we get any money out?"

"No, madam, I am sorry to say," was the polite rejoinder.

"But we haven't anything to live on!" broke in Nora O'Donnell wildly.

"I am very sorry," returned the man with a touch of irritated restraint. "I fear you are not alone in your misfortune. The bank had no option in the matter."

There was nothing more to be said. The stricken girls silently made their way out into the pitiless rain and returned to their apartment in the Rue Billeaut—to-day Rue Washington. After changing their drenched garments they sat down in silent despair. Miss Edgecombe was so lost in thought as to appear insensible to her companion's presence.

"What are we going to do, Frances?" asked Nora, timidly.

The other roused herself and looked at her. "We don't know how long they will keep our money locked up. Maybe they will never resume payment," she said, slowly. "In the meantime we have nothing to live on, and there is nobody from whom we can borrow. Your uncle will probably send you some money when he hears of this. Mother can't send me any more. I am afraid this thing will worry her to death. All I can think of now is to ask Beaudin to return the money we paid in advance for our lessons. We will have to let them go for the present."

The evening of the following day Owen Hudson called on them. The absence of laughter from their apartment was remarkable enough to impress him ominously. This somewhat serious young architect was given to grave forecasting. He lived on the floor above theirs and had become quite friendly with his young countrywomen. He had come partly to tell them of a prize of ten thousand dollars offered by his native State for the best plan for a capitol, for which he meant to compete.

Of late his sentiments toward Frances Edgecombe had taken a trend which made his staid judgment cate-

chise his heart. He had little doubt that she would make an admirable wife. But he was a poor man. She was a poor girl.

After hearing their pitiable tale he refrained from allusion to his own hopes and sympathized with them heartily. Beaudin's flat refusal to refund the money had added to their distress and low spirits. They had decided to try and secure some copying to do.

Miss Edgecombe was in worse plight than Nora O'Donnell. The prospect of fitting herself for the one money-making profession for which she had marked ability had been ruthlessly swept away. Hudson felt how severe a blow it must have been to fill her hardy spirit with such despair. He left them very much distressed in mind on her account.

The next day was cheerfully bright. At least, bright. The two girls started out early with what courage they could muster. They had decided to take different routes, so at the Rue de la Boetie, Miss Edgecombe got into an omnibus with brown panels, bidding her com-



*"The old man folded his arms wearily and gave a quivering sigh."*

panion good-bye with an almost remorseful sense of relief at some respite from Nora's childlike prostration.

She was glad to find herself absolutely alone in the omnibus. She could think unrestrainedly. She became so engrossed in her sorrow that she hardly noticed an old man who got in a few moments later except to gather one swift impression of the care, failure, and debility he suggested. He sank into the space between her and the end of the seat as if too feeble to go farther. He was so close that he pressed against the girl a little.

She was at once absorbed again in her bitter reveries. Just as she was at the very climax of her desolating feelings the old man folded his arms wearily and gave a quivering sigh. It seemed to the girl as if it were her own overburdened soul relieving itself thus. She started nervously and looked straight ahead out of the window to distract herself.

Gleaming through a colonnade opposite were some brightly-colored paintings. They were on the outside wall of an imposing building with large twin towers. A

long semicircular flight of steps led up to it. The paintings had an almost garish brightness with their Byzantine background of gold.

Feeling that this out-worn old man was sapping what little strength she had, the girl was glad to avail herself of this odd building as an excuse to escape him. She alighted, crossed over to it and mounted the steps. The paintings appeared even more curious when she came to examine them. Frances could not tell whether they were oil paintings or not. They were on a very smooth, continuous surface.

She strolled along within the row of fluted columns, fascinated by them. It was almost as if they had a personal relation to her. She wondered why the picture over the middle door should be brighter in color than the others, as well as larger. It represented the Trinity.

But her hateful task was calling her, and she reluctantly tore herself away. It is needless to follow the poor girl in her round of place-seeking. After long hours of conscientious endeavor she returned to the Rue Billeaut utterly worn out and discouraged to find Nora awaiting her with a dejection almost greater than her own.

Hudson called that evening to see what luck they had had. The change from their laughing light-heartedness to gloom had worried him steadily, especially in Miss Edgecombe's case.

"Everybody in the house has noticed your silence. Blackburn, the Englishman on the third floor, asked me to-day why the American birds didn't sing any more. 'Their constant laughter was like a bird's singing,' he said. I was glad enough to let him know. I wish I could do something," the young fellow added with a glance at Miss Edgecombe. "Unfortunately, they don't do much decorative painting on house interiors in America."

"Here in Paris they even paint the outside walls of buildings," said Frances, rousing herself a little. "At least I saw a great church to-day with thirteen immense paintings on the front wall. They covered it!"

"Paintings on the outside of a building!" exclaimed Hudson. "I never heard of such a thing. You must be mistaken."

Miss Edgecombe smiled faintly.

"Do you think you could see pictures from an omnibus, get out, walk up a tremendous flight of steps with them before your eyes the whole time, look at them for five minutes when you got to the top, and be 'mistaken' in thinking they were there?" she asked. "That is what I did."

The next day brought a joyous relief. Nora O'Donnell's uncle cabled \$300 to her. Their spirits rose at once, and when the anxious Hudson called that evening he was rejoiced to find them more like their former

laughing selves.

After sincere congratulations he turned to Miss Edgecombe and said: "I met two prominent French architects to-day and asked about your wonderful church with the picture-gallery on the outside wall. They laughed at the idea; said there was not and never had been any such thing in Paris."

"Well, I must still believe my senses," retorted Frances. "'Seeing is believing.' I intended to take Nora to this church some time. Now that we can breathe in peace once more, why can't we all go and look at it to-morrow morning? Are you free?"

Hudson was, and greeted the plan with delight.

So the following day the three boarded an omnibus with brown panels at the Rue de la Boetie and seated themselves on the right-hand side. Frances took the very place she had occupied before. Somewhat to her surprise, the conductor knew of no building with pictures on it anywhere along the route.

"Well, all we have to do is to ride along till we see



it for ourselves," said Miss Edgecombe, with a little shrug of her shoulders.

"There! That is the church," she cried as soon as they came opposite St. Vincent de Paul. "There are the two towers and the long stairs." They got out.

"But there are no pictures!" exclaimed Nora, looking up at the façade.

"Not on *that* wall," replied Miss Edgecombe. "The omnibus must have passed it on the other side, because I saw them from it before I got out. But I'm certain that's the church. Let's go up and walk around it."

They did so without discovering the faintest sign of a picture. At Hudson's suggestion they entered it. There they saw Hypolite Flandrin's beautiful frieze—"The Procession of the Saints."

"That must be what you saw," remarked Hudson.

"That *mustn't* be what I saw," retorted Miss Edgecombe with almost contemptuous force. "I didn't go into the church at all. It was because the pictures were on the *outside* of the wall that they attracted me. I came up, walked along inside these fluted columns and saw them. Over this middle door was one of the Trinity, bigger and brighter than the others. Of course this can't be the church, since there are no pictures. But there must be one very like it in the neighborhood. We'll walk round a little till we find it."

They walked round for an hour without coming across any building with pictures on its walls, or one that in the least resembled St. Vincent de Paul. Nora regarded the whole thing as a good joke on Miss Edgecombe. The latter smiled good-naturedly herself over the absurdity of the situation.

"I can't account for it any more than you," she said. "But nothing on earth could convince me that I did not see them."

A very unpleasant thought was taking root in Owen Hudson's practical mind. To him the matter was not humorous. He could not but reflect how convinced of their reality delusions and hallucinations often leave their victims. Miss Edgecombe had been in a most perturbed mental condition, as he knew, at the very time she fancied she saw these pictures. But would her shaken condition account for as positive an aberration had there been no pre-existing mental —? It was a distressing thought, but a persisting one. He could not rid himself of it.

A day or two after this Hudson ran across an American whom he had known slightly at college, Dr. Cuthbert Buel. In the course of their talk he learned that the young physician had come to Paris to study neurotic affections and pathological mental conditions, with a view to fitting himself as a specialist in those branches.

"There are two jolly American girls here whom I think you would like to meet," Hudson said animatedly, acting on a sudden brilliant idea. "They are studying art. We are all specialists."

Finding Dr. Buel favorably impressed with the proposed acquaintance, he obtained the girls' permission to bring him, and one evening the two young men called.

In the course of the conversation Hudson got Dr. Buel to speak of his investigations and so arrived very naturally at a point where he could say: "Oh, Miss Edgecombe! Don't you want to tell Dr. Buel about your pictures on the wall?"

"Do you wish me to enlarge the circle of those who doubt my word?" the girl replied, laughingly. "However, I am willing to take the risk, especially as Dr. Buel may know the church, or, perhaps, can find it for me. The incident is very simple, in itself, and not at all remarkable," she continued, turning to the young physician. "Ten days ago I saw a church, or, to be literally exact, a building, whose outside wall was covered with pictures. It was so strange a decoration that I got out of the omnibus and went and examined them closely. This is all simple enough. But," and she smiled brightly, "I can't find my building, and nobody knows anything about it. The whole mystery is in that. Query: *Where is my church?*"

"This is interesting," said Dr. Buel. "Do you mind telling me as exactly as you can what the pictures were, and how and where you saw them?"

The young woman complied with much circumstantiality. She told the number of the panels, their arrangement, size, treatment, and the subjects, not omitting to state the variation from the others offered by the one representing the Trinity.

"There were two that were men, and one of these was a Pope. I couldn't tell the profession of the other," she said, laughingly. "Nothing could have been more lucid, coherent, or convincing than her narrative."

"What do you make of that, Dr. Buel?" asked Hudson, somewhat eagerly.

"Nothing, as yet," replied the doctor, coolly. He gave a keen glance at the young fellow, and then turned to Miss Edgecombe.

"Were you feeling perfectly normal at the time?" he asked. Frances burst into a laugh.

"I was feeling perfectly abnormal," she said, emphatically. "It was only a day or two after Bowles Brothers had suspended, we hadn't a cent, and it looked as if my one object in coming to Europe was hopelessly frustrated. I was on my way at the time to get some

copying to do; a thing from which my very soul shrank. I never felt so intensely, so utterly miserable in my life." She shuddered a little at the recollection.

"Were there many in the omnibus at the time?"

"No. I was the only passenger when I got in. Then an old man entered it and sat down next to me. I felt such an aching sympathy with him, but I got back to my own sorrows and did not think of him again till he drew the most heart-rending sigh. It startled me. It seemed as if it were I who did it. But I knew I had no force to squander on anybody else just then, and so looked out of the window, and the first thing I saw was these pictures. I was glad of the excuse to get out."

"Then you saw then *after* the old man's sigh had so moved you to compassion?"

"Yes."

"Will you tell me what thought was dominant in your mind at the moment your attention was drawn to the old man by this sigh?"

"I was thinking what a bitter thing it was to see a fine start and the prospect of a successful career swept away. It was the agonizing point of my reflections, and that is why the deep sigh came home to me so. But you are making more of the old man than I did," she exclaimed with a short laugh.

Dr. Buel smiled and then asked the girl what made her so sure that it was a church, and the church of St. Vincent de Paul. After she had told him her reasons for this, he said, animatedly: "It is a most interesting experience, Miss Edgecombe, and I thank you for telling it to me so fully. I am convinced that the old man is the key to the situation," he remarked, much to Frances' surprise. "I shall try to find your church," he said, rising, "though if I had to choose one or the other, I would rather have a talk with that old gentleman."

(To be continued.)



COLONEL WINT.



LIEUTENANT KARNES, SIXTH CAVALRY.—From a sketch by Sydney Adamson.

## A Signal Victory.

THE SURRENDER OF BELARMINO.  
(From Our Staff Correspondent.)

MANILA, August 10th, 1901.—When the *Sumner* landed the Sixth Cavalry at Legaspi early in June, Colonel Wint had orders to make life unhappy for Belarmino and to bring about his speedy surrender. Colonel Wint is an old soldier of the Indian wars, though a comparatively young and active man. He has the reputation of being a splendid scout, able to find trails in the wildest mountain country. The colonel determined to put an end to the game of hide-and-seek which Belarmino has been playing with the American troops for the last two years, and with a squadron of the Sixth Cavalry (the colonel's own regiment), a squadron of the Ninth Cavalry, Wray's native scouts, and about seventy mounted infantry, he proceeded to sweep the country, and by the beginning of June had completely trapped Belarmino and his tired army. Lieutenant Karnes, of the Sixth Cavalry, writing to a friend in Manila, describes the final act as follows:

Result was, the general and staff, 215 rifles and men, with ample officers (I think twenty-five), sent word they would be in to-day. (This was July 4th.) Colonel was exceedingly gratified, of course, and ordered me and Troop I, Sixth Cavalry, to meet him several miles in the brush. I did. The old man was prompt, and met me in the trail half an hour prior to what I expected, accompanied by the entire outfit. Through throngs of natives I escorted him and his command into the city to Colonel Wint's quarters, where the surrender was completed, arms and ammunition turned over and put under guard, and oath administered. . . . Colonel allowed the general and staff to retain their side-arms, provided they would never be used against the United States again.

This ends the trouble in the provinces of Abay and Sorsogon, where, ever since the Spaniards evacuated, a state of insurrection has existed. For a whole year Belarmino had the country to himself, undisturbed by American troops. His reign was ended on the 23d of January, 1900, when the gun-boat *Nashville* escorted two coasters carrying the Forty-seventh Volunteer Infantry, which landed and captured Legaspi. For eighteen months the fight has steadily gone on, and now Colonel Wint's vigorous campaign has ended the war in the extreme south of Luzon and made it possible for the civil commission to put in motion the machinery of civil government.

SYDNEY ADAMSON.

## More Boxes of Gold

AND MANY GREENBACKS.

To secure additional information directly from the people, it is proposed to send little boxes of gold and greenbacks to persons who write the most interesting, detailed, and truthful descriptions of their experience on the following topics:

1. How have you been affected by coffee-drinking and by changing from coffee to Postum.
2. Do you know any one who has been driven away from Postum because it came to the table weak and characterless at the first trial?
3. Did you set such a person right regarding the easy way to make Postum clear, black, and with a crisp, rich taste?
4. Have you ever found a better way to make it than to use four heaping teaspoonfuls to the pint of water, let stand on stove until real boiling begins, then note the clock and allow it to continue easy boiling full fifteen minutes from that time, stirring down occasionally? (A piece of butter about the size of a navy bean, placed in the pot will prevent boiling over.)
5. Give names and account of those you know to have been cured or helped in health by the dismissal of coffee and the daily use of Postum Food Coffee in its place.
6. Write names and addresses of twenty friends whom you believe would be benefited by leaving off coffee. (Your name will not be divulged to them.)

Address your letter to the Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., writing your own name and address clearly.

Be honest and truthful, don't write poetry or fanciful letters, just plain, truthful statements.

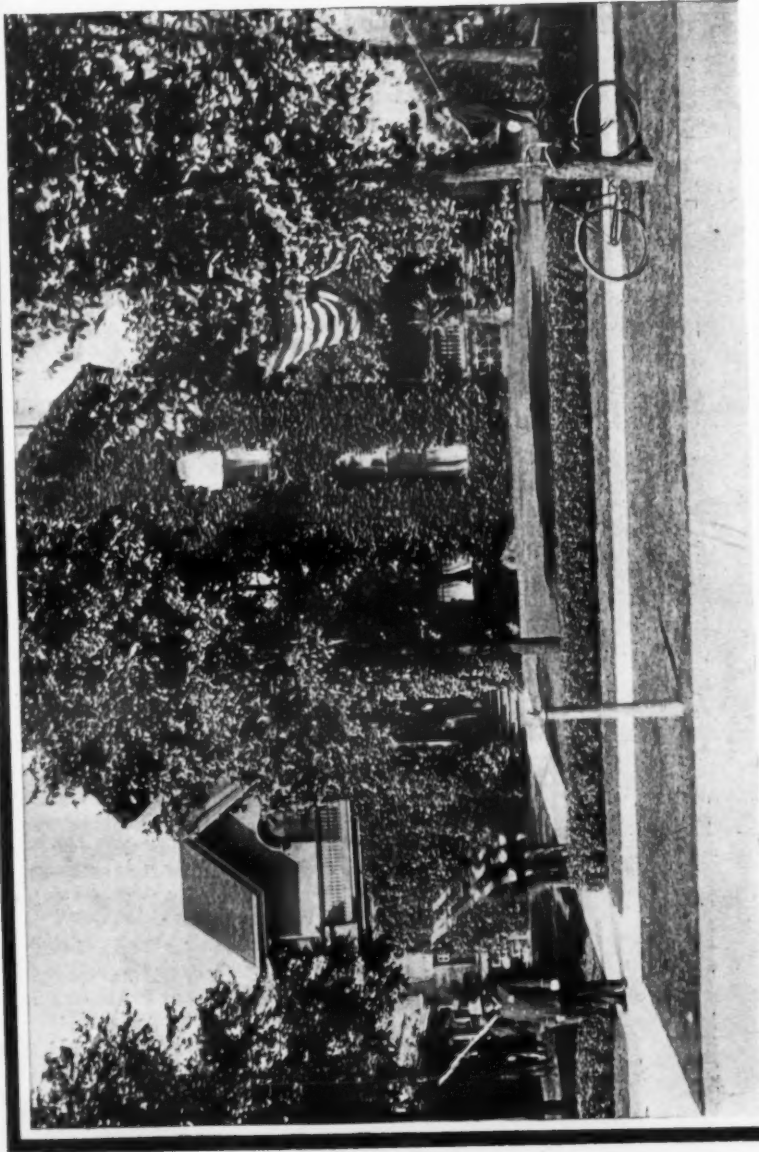
Decision will be made between October 30th and November 10th, 1901, by three judges, not members of the Postum Cereal Company, and a neat little box containing a \$10 gold piece sent to each of the five best writers, a box containing a \$5 gold piece to each of the twenty next best writers, a \$2 greenback to each of the 100 next best, and a \$1 greenback to each of the 200 next best writers, making cash prizes distributed to 325 persons.

Almost every one interested in pure food and drink is willing to have their name and letter appear in the papers, for such help as it may offer to the human race. However, a request to omit name will be respected.

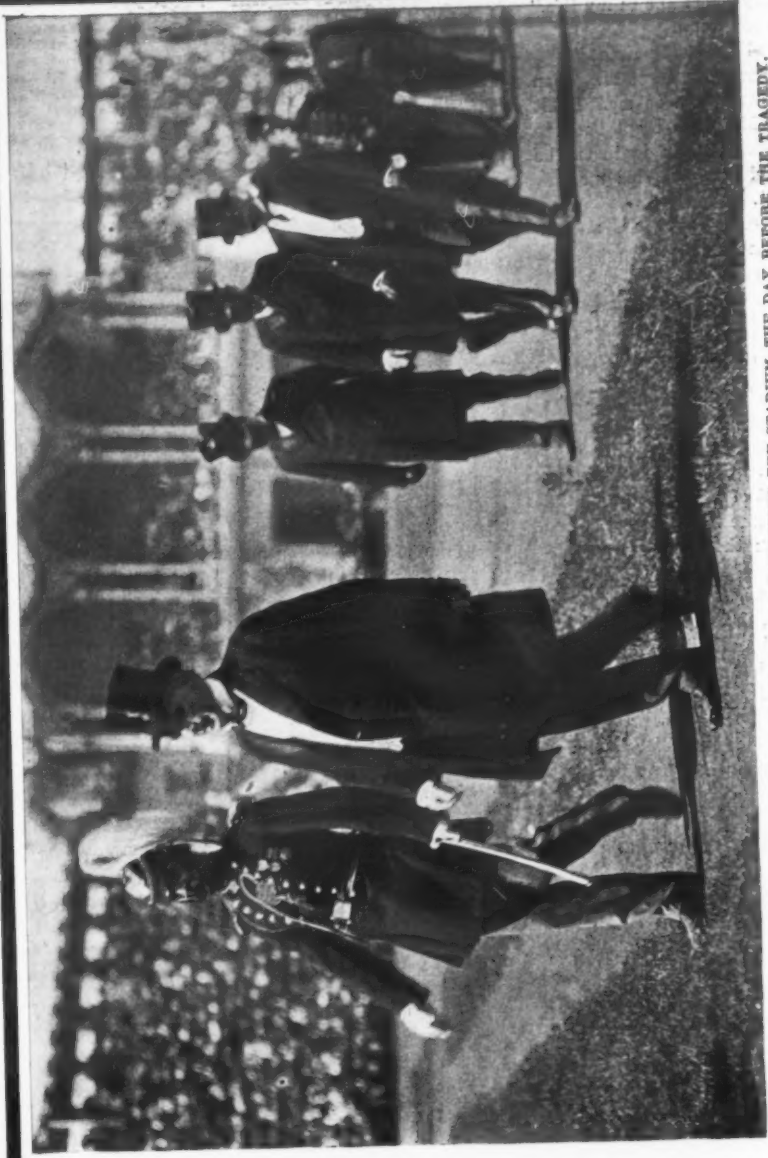
Every friend of Postum is urged to write, and each letter will be held in high esteem by the company as an evidence of such friendship, while the little boxes of gold and envelopes of money will reach many modest writers whose plain and sensible letters contain the facts desired, although the sender may have but small faith in winning at the time of writing.

Talk this subject over with your friends and see how many among you can win prizes. It is a good, honest competition and in the best kind of a cause. Cut this statement out, for it will not appear again.

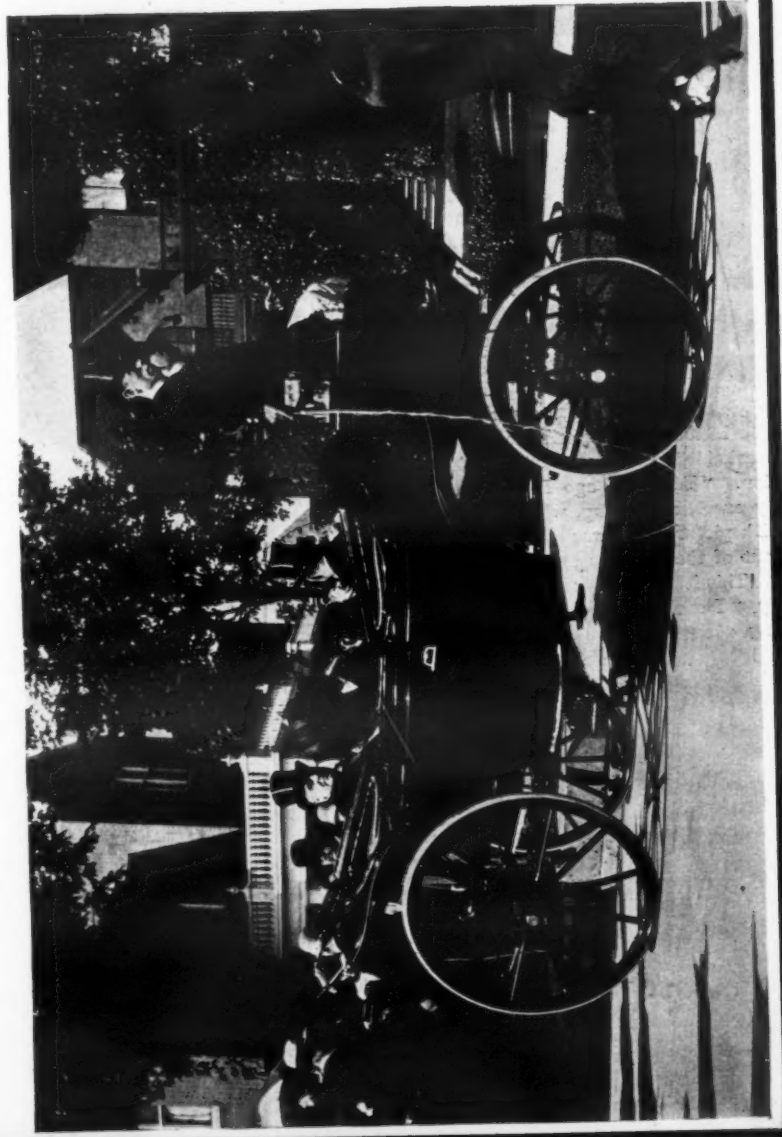




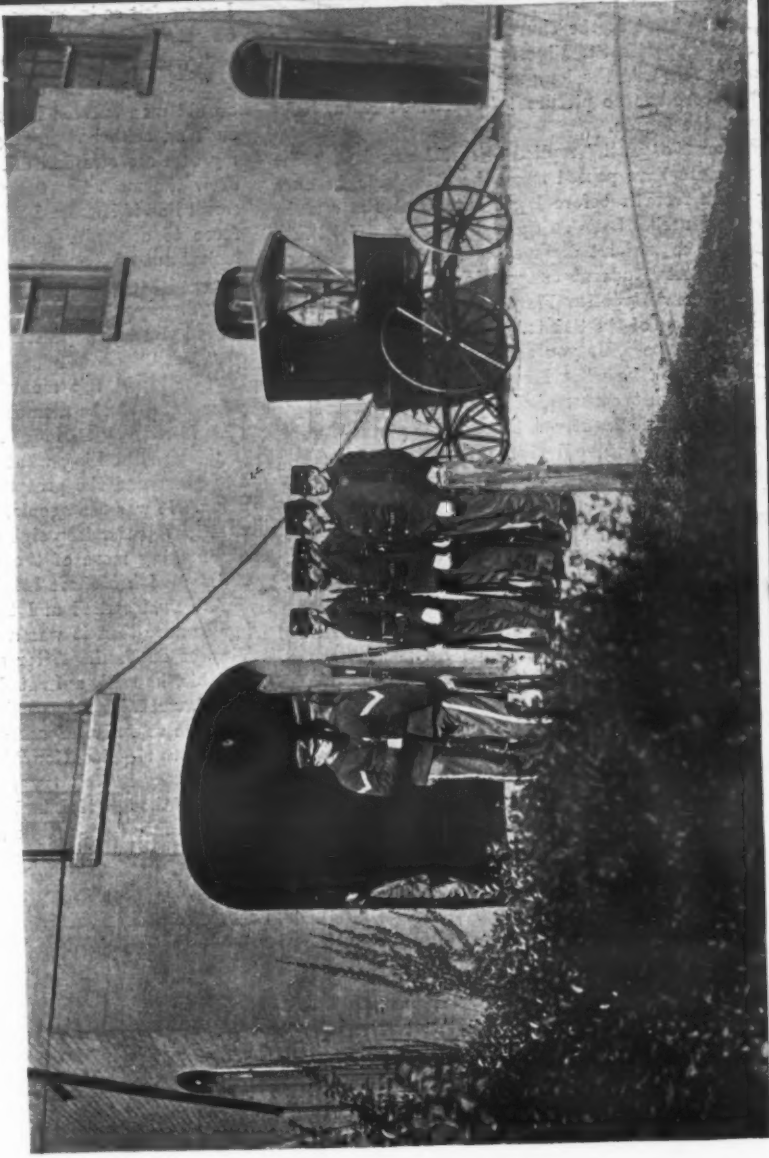
SOLDIERS AND OFFICERS IN FRONT OF THE MILBURN HOUSE.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL WELCH CROSSING THE STADIUM, THE DAY BEFORE THE TRAGEDY.



THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. MCKINLEY STARTING FOR NIAGARA FALLS, ON THE MORNING OF THE DREADFUL DAY.  
*Photograph by R. L. Dunn, Our Special Staff Photographer.*



GUARD-MOUNT OF FOURTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY CORPS, JUST RETURNED FROM THE PHILIPPINES, IN FRONT OF THE MILBURN STABLES, NOW USED AS A TELEGRAPH-OFFICE.—*Photograph by Oscar A. Simon & Brother.*

## BEFORE AND AFTER THE SHOOTING.

THE PRESIDENT WELCOMED WITH JOY ONE DAY, AND WATCHED WITH DEEPEST SYMPATHY AND SORROW THE NEXT.

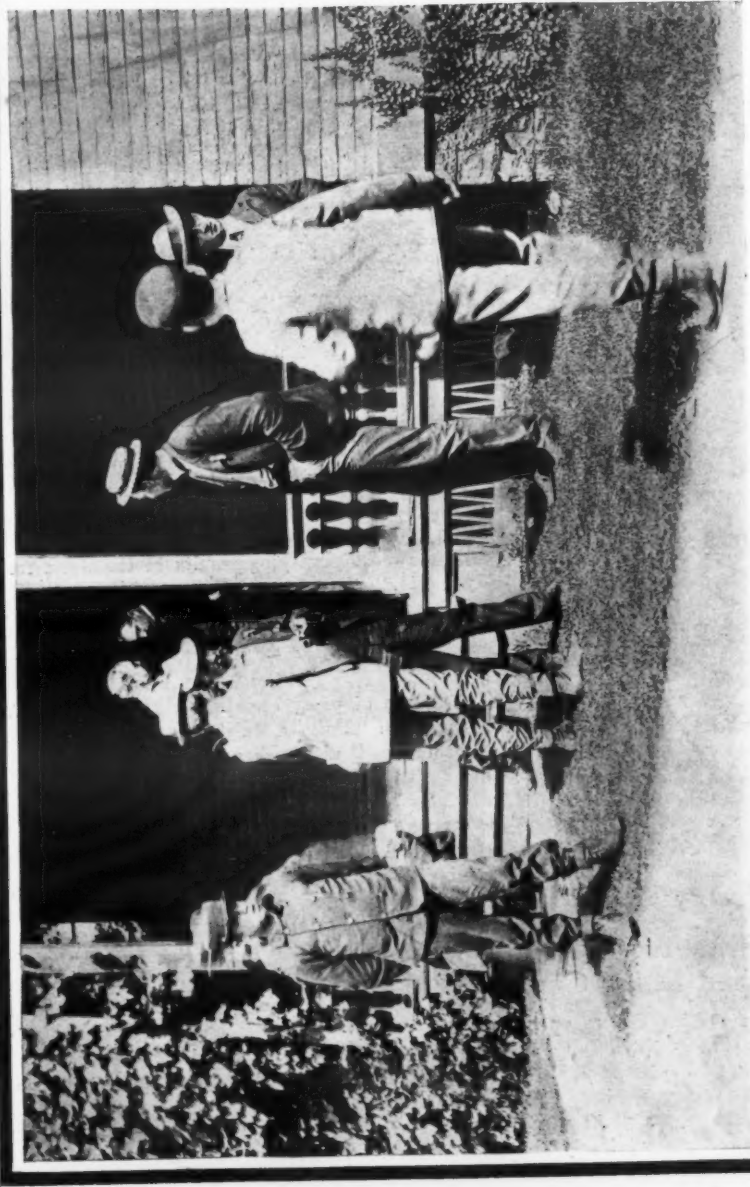


Photographs by A. L. D. Evans, Cal.

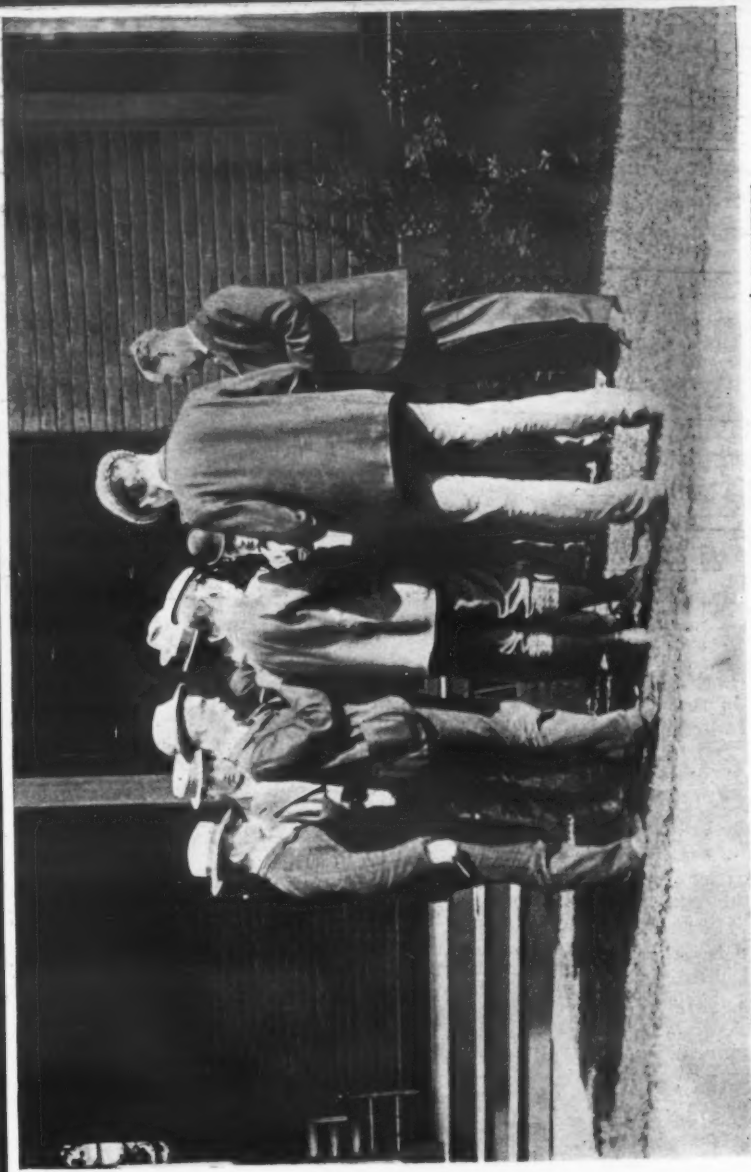
BEFORE AND AFTER THE SHOOTING.

THE PRESIDENT WELCOMED WITH JOY ONE DAY, AND WATCHED WITH DEEPEST SYMPATHY AND SORROW THE NEXT.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



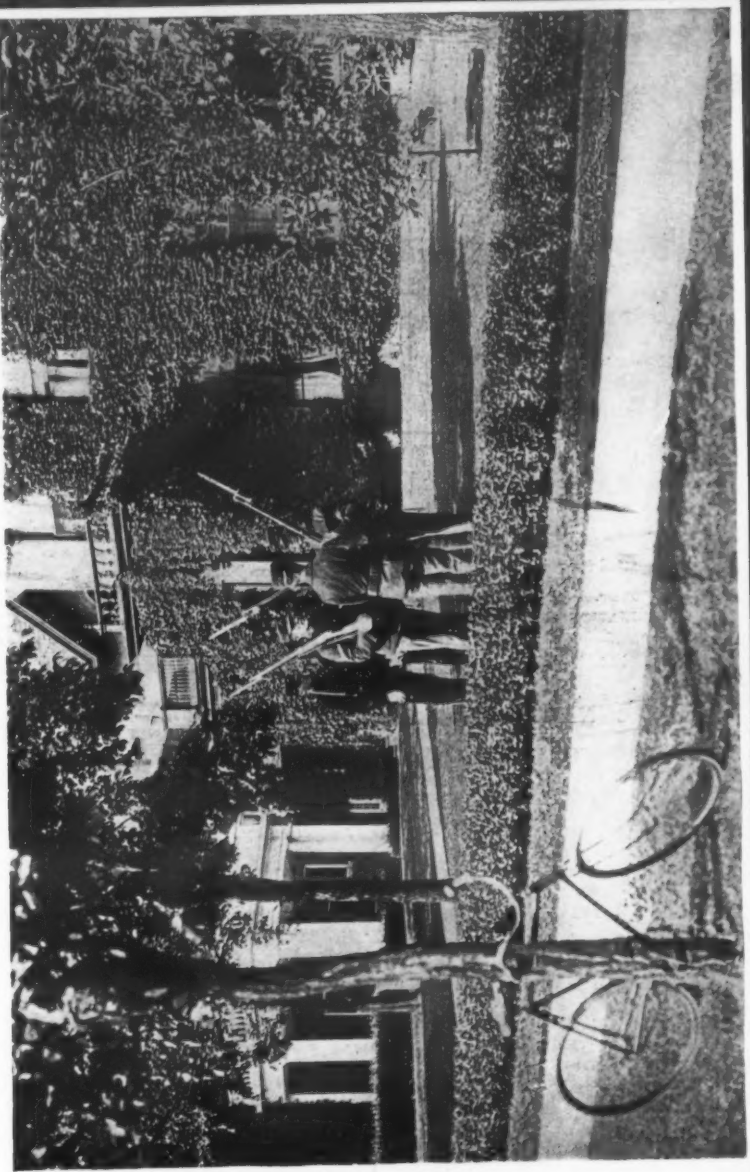
SECRETARY CORTELYOU GIVING OUT BULLETINS.



MR. MILBURN SMILES AS HE ANNOUNCES AN IMPROVEMENT IN THE PRESIDENT'S CONDITION.



POLICEMEN GUARD THE FRONT OF THE MILBURN HOUSE.



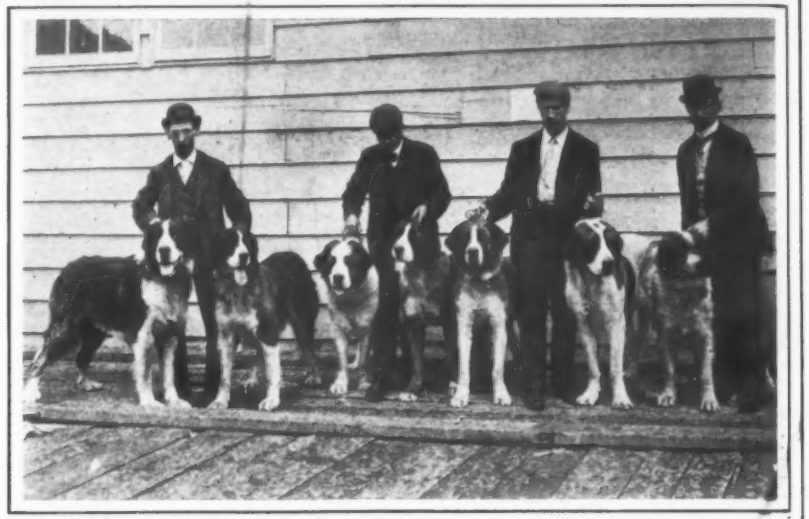
THE FOURTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY CORPS CHANGING GUARD.

WHERE OUR SUFFERING PRESIDENT IS CARED FOR.





1. Consul-General Seeger. 2. Admiral Pinto da Luz, Brazilian Minister of Marine. 3. Minister Bryan. 4. President Campo Salles. 5. Captain Pendleton, of the *Atlanta*. 6. Dr. Assis Brazil, Brazilian minister to the United States of America.  
FRATERNIZATION OF AMERICAN AND GERMAN NAVAL OFFICERS ON BOARD THE "ATLANTA."



GROUP OF J. FRANK GOULD'S ST. BERNARD DOGS AT THE PAN-AMERICAN DOG SHOW, VALUED AT \$25,000, INCLUDING THE PRIZE-WINNERS.

### A Fourth of July in Brazil.

PETROPOLIS, BRAZIL, August 8th, 1901.—In view of the unusual interest that at present attaches to Brazil and things Brazilian by reason of voluminous newspaper discussion as to Germany's attitude toward that country, a word or two may not be amiss concerning Brazilian feeling toward the United States, as evidenced by various manifestations here on the Fourth of July of this year.

Though the desire of the new Brazilian republic to commemorate one day in each year to the principles of liberty and republican government found expression in the adoption, in 1889, of July 14th, the day on which the Bastille fell, as a national holiday, there has always been a tendency on the part of many Brazilians to recognize "the glorious Fourth" as more closely associated with the growth and development and final ascendancy of the republican idea in Brazil. The degree to which this tendency has been indulged, however, has been determined by the popular feeling toward our nation. In 1894, for instance, after our support of the constituted authority against the revolutionary movement, the popularity of the United States in Brazil was exceptionally great, and it appears from the newspapers of that year that the Fourth of July was celebrated here with almost as much enthusiasm as if it had been a recognized Brazilian holiday. On the other hand, in certain years since then there has been a popular suspicion, not to say dislike, of the United States, and at such times there has been an almost total disregard here of "the day we celebrate."

It can hardly fail to be a source of gratification to learn that never have there been more significant manifestations of sympathy toward our country on the part of government, press, and people than on the last Fourth of July. All the Brazilian war-vessels in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro were dressed in honor of the day, and representatives of the Brazilian minister of marine called on board the *Chicago* and *Atlanta*. Each of the ten daily papers published in the city of Rio had kindly comment, several of them articles of considerable length, eulogistic of the part played by the United States in the political emancipation of all America and enthusiastic in their praise of the Monroe Doctrine, while the *Dia*, a leading morning paper, devoted almost its entire front page to a cut in which the portraits of Washington and McKinley, placed side by side, were surmounted by the American eagle waving the flag over both. At the reception held at the consulate-general in Rio many Brazilians came to congratulate Consul-General Seeger, and the legation in Petropolis was crowded, Brazilians of prominence, as well as the whole diplomatic corps, appearing. Telegrams or notes of congratulation and well-wishing came from all parts of Brazil.

The most significant manifestation of all was given by the president of the State of Rio de Janeiro, General Quintino Bocayuva. Early on the morning of the Fourth he sent a military band to play in front of the legation, and in the evening, in the state palace at Petropolis, he gave a superb banquet and ball in honor of Hon. Charles Page Bryan, our minister to Brazil. A special table was constructed for the forty-six banquet guests and the dining-room was gorgeous with electric lights and flowers and flags, most noticeable among the decorative pieces being a portrait of Washington, draped with a flag made of specimens of American-grown silk, and presented to General Bocayuva by ladies of Philadelphia. The dancing saloons and various reception-rooms were beautifully decorated with orchids, roses, ferns, and palms, set off by electrical displays. Nor were the decorations limited to the interior of the palace; electric lights followed the

outlines of its front, and framed in most effective fashion the arms of the United States and of this State placed side by side on the facade.

Admiral Cromwell and several others from the *Chicago* and *Atlanta* were asked to the banquet, and over a dozen of our officers attended the ball that followed it, a brilliant affair, at which most of the diplomatic corps, many State and Federal functionaries and scores of Brazilian families were present. This friendly attitude of General Quintino Bocayuva should be the more gratifying to Americans in view of the fact that he is one of the half-dozen prominent figures in Brazilian political life and a strong candidate for the presidency of the republic at the next election.

Another recent incident that evidenced the cordial relations existing here between the various foreign nations was the fraternization of American, German, and Brazilian naval and civil officials on the occasion of the recent visit of President Campos Salles to the United States steamer *Atlanta* and the German *Vincta*.

E. W. A.



THE FAMOUS AMERICA'S CUP.

### Spending a Million Dollars To Win a Five-Hundred Dollar Cup.

Just why yachtsmen spend a million dollars on a yacht race in a single year when the America's Cup can be duplicated for a few hundred dollars—\$500 at most—puzzles some persons who are alive to-day, but it is safe enough to say that they have never seen a yacht race. The sport is one for kings, and it becomes a princely income and a royal taste. The cup which makes so much stir in the yachting world every other year or so is a beggarly ornament as modern cups go, but there is nothing of which the New York Yacht Club is more proud

than to be the possessor of this cup. It is of solid silver. It weighs 134 ounces, is 27 inches high and 36 inches centre circumference. It was called the Hundred-Guinea Cup in England. Garrard & Co., of London, made it in 1851, and it was offered to be sailed for that year by the Royal Yacht Squadron in August. How the schooner *America* distanced the whole British fleet is ancient history. The cup is now kept in Tiffany's safe-deposit vault and shown at intervals to only a favored few, or brought out perhaps at a club dinner. More than \$50,000,000 has been spent by American and British yachtsmen in contests for the possession of the trophy. The contests cost the yachtsmen, and the spectators who witness them from steamboats, about a million dollars a day.

#### The America's Cup.

THIS is the famous silver cup  
The old *America* won  
In 1851, at Cowes,  
Beneath an August sun.  
Made by the jewelers Garrard  
In London long ago,  
We have kept it now for fifty years  
This side the ocean's flow.

It cost one hundred guineas new,  
Is graceful and ornate,  
Of sixteenth-century design,  
And eleven pounds in weight.  
Full twenty-seven inches high  
And thirty-six around,  
It bears twelve races, each engraved  
Upon a polished ground.

The bases and shields are filled;  
From curving brim to base  
There's not a single vacant spot  
To record another race  
Except upon the lip; and there  
'Tis fit the tale should stop  
With the old *Columbia*, for you see,  
She's always at the top.

MINNA IRVING.

#### For Dyspepsia

TAKE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. T. H. ANDREWS, late of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "A wonderful remedy which gave me most gratifying results in the worst forms of dyspepsia."

#### Pasty Food.

TOO COMMONLY USED.

THE use of pasty cereals is not advisable. A physician says: "Pasty cereals are very indigestible and a bad thing for the stomach, causing a depressed feeling and quite a train of disorders, particularly of the intestines and nerves."

"Cereals, such as wheat and oats, can be cooked long enough and well enough to fit them for human use, but the ordinary way of cooking leaves them in a pasty condition."

A gentleman from Evansville, Ind., whose name can be secured upon application to the Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., says: "My physician prohibited the use of oats and wheat, for I was in a bad condition physically, with pronounced dyspepsia. He said the heavy paste was indigestible, but that Grape-Nuts, being a thoroughly cooked food and cooked in such a manner as to change the starch into grape-sugar, could be easily digested. I have become very fond indeed of Grape-Nuts, and all the uncomfortable feelings have disappeared. I have gained nearly twelve pounds in weight and have none of the distressed, full feeling after my meals that I had formerly. Grape-Nuts Food has done the work."



FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE.

# Spencer Trask & Co

## BANKERS

27 & 29 Pine St., New York

Now ready for distribution,  
and mailed upon request,

### September Descriptive List of INVESTMENT SECURITIES

Members New York Stock Exchange

Branch Office 65 State St., Albany

## THE Real Estate Trust Company OF PHILADELPHIA

Southeast Corner Chestnut and Broad Streets

Authorized Capital . . . \$1,500,000

Surplus and Undivided Profits \$1,000,000

Allows Interest on Deposits subject to check.  
Rents Safe-Deposit Boxes in Burglar-Proof  
Vaults.

Buys, sells, and leases Real Estate in Phila-  
delphia and its vicinity. Collects Rents and  
takes general charge and management of Prop-  
erty.

Executes Trusts of every description under  
the appointment of Courts, Corporations, and  
Individuals. Acts as Registrar or Transfer  
Agent for Corporations, and as Trustee under  
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FRANK K. HIPPLE, President  
GEORGE PHILLER, Vice-President  
WILLIAM F. NORTH, Treasurer  
WILLIAM R. PHILLER, Secretary  
THOMAS B. PROSSER, Real Estate Officer  
ROBERT D. GHRISKEY, Cashier  
M. S. COLLINGWOOD, Asst. Treasurer  
ROLAND L. TAYLOR, Asst. Secretary



**MAKE MONEY  
WITH  
MUTOSCOPES**

Best Paying Con-  
cession on the Pan-  
American Midway.

Splendid Returns  
from a Small  
Investment.

Terms Very Reasonable

American Mutoscope &  
Biograph Co., Dept. M,  
841 Broadway,  
NEW YORK CITY.

**JACOB BERRY & CO.**  
MEMBER CONSOLIDATED STOCK EXCHANGE.  
MEMBER NEW YORK PRODUCE EXCHANGE.  
44 and 46 Broadway, New York.  
Hartford Office: Hills Bldg., 847 Main St.  
ESTABLISHED 1865.

**STOCKS, BONDS, GRAIN, COTTON**  
MARGINAL AND INVESTMENT ORDERS  
IN ALL QUANTITIES. INFORMATION ON  
FINANCIAL MATTERS GLADLY FUR-  
NISHED. ISSUE UPON REQUEST "A  
GLIMPSE AT WALL STREET AND ITS  
MARKETS," MONTHLY FLUCTUATION  
SHEETS, DAILY AND WEEKLY RE-  
PORTS.  
COMMISSION, 1-16. MODERATE MARGINS.

## THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY of HARTFORD, CONN.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.

**PAID-UP CAPITAL \$1,000,000.00**

JULY 1, 1901.	
Total Assets, (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.)	\$32,198,504.44
TOTAL LIABILITIES (Including Reserves),	27,499,719.25
EXCESS SECURITY TO Policy-holders,	\$4,698,785.19
PAID TO POLICY-HOLDERS SINCE 1864,	\$44,469,462.48
TOTAL INSURANCE IN FORCE,	\$499,360,653.00
GAINS: 6 months, January to July, 1901.	
IN ASSETS,	\$1,270,172.96
IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department only),	4,739,635.00
INCREASE IN RESERVES (both Departments),	1,165,244.41
PREMIUMS, INTEREST, and RENTS, 6 Months,	4,538,683.18

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-President.  
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary. J. B. LEWIS, M.D., Medical Director and Adjuster.  
EDWARD V. PRESTON, General Manager of Agencies. HIRAM J. MESSENGER, Actuary.

## Hints to Money-makers

THE assassination of President McKin-  
ley, for it was an assassination, whether  
the President lives or dies, definitely  
marks the end of the bull movement.  
Those of us who passed through the dread-  
ful experience that the stock market and  
the business and commercial world had  
after the shooting of President Garfield  
may well regard the present situation with  
the gravest apprehension. Financial writ-  
ers employed on the bull side of the market  
may say that conditions now and then are  
not analogous. Nevertheless they are.

Garfield was shot in the midst of a  
boom in the stock market and when busi-  
ness conditions were promising, railroad  
earnings large, and the outlook favorable  
all around. His death was followed by an  
immediate shock to the market, from which

it only partly recovered, and that for only  
a brief time, and then came slow, per-  
sistent, and, in the end, terrific liquida-  
tion. Stocks are now on a much higher  
plane of values than they were when Gar-  
field was shot. Railroad earnings are  
better now than they were then, and busi-  
ness conditions are also somewhat better.  
But we have had an unprecedented boom  
in industrial properties, which has ab-  
sorbed billions of capital and which adds  
a very serious factor to the situation and  
makes it much worse, in my opinion, than  
it was twenty years ago. Money is tighter,  
the bank reserves are depleted to a very  
low point, and the situation is so acute  
that our great financial interests have  
been compelled to take the most drastic  
measures to stave off a general smash in  
prices, or, in other words, a panic.

The one favorable condition at present  
is the general agreement of our railroad  
magnates to maintain traffic rates and  
support the market by the aid of a combi-  
nation of vast moneyed interests. But  
there is an element of weakness as well as  
of strength in this situation, because, if  
this bulwark fails, it means the utter fail-  
ure of everything, and ruin and devasta-  
tion unparalleled and unprecedented.

The market has shown wonderful  
strength during the past four months. It  
has met three shocks, any one of which  
would ordinarily have settled its fate.  
First, the Northern Pacific corner and  
panic; second, the failure of the corn crop,  
and, lastly, the assassination of our be-  
loved President. Under the circumstances  
I renew the advice I have repeatedly given  
of late, to sail into the nearest port and  
keep in the harbor of safety until the storm  
blows past. It may be a long time before  
we shall have another bull market and  
there may be lots of bargains in Wall  
Street before the holidays.

"L." Miamisburg, O.: Don't touch it.  
"H. H." Pulaski, N. Y.: Yes. (1) Ulti-  
mately as low as you indicate, perhaps lower.  
"Pottsville," Penn.: If you can get any part  
of a settlement in cash, by all means take it.  
I do not think the judgment note will be regarded  
as good security.

"S." Heron Lake, Minn.: Thanks for sub-  
scription. (1) Yes. (2) Yes. (3) Yes, if there  
was enough of the stock and if the corner was  
not abruptly made. (4) The dividends always  
belong to the buyers of the stock.

"G." Augusta, Ga.: Thanks for subscription.  
(1) I believe it is being picked up on reactions  
now. (2) I have so many hundreds of letters  
to answer that it would be difficult to do as you  
request, but I will gladly reply to any inquiry  
you may make.

"T." Plattville, Wis.: Thanks for subscrip-  
tion. (1) Your name is on preferred list. (2)  
Spencer Trask & Co. are of New York, are  
rated high and have an excellent standing. (3)  
I think well of the Colorado Springs and Cripple  
Creek five per cent. bonds at prevailing prices.  
"L." Rochester, N. Y.: Canadian Pacific,  
although its earnings are very large, has not  
shared as much as the American railways in  
the recent advance. I regard it with favor, if  
bought on reactions. (2) Delaware & Hudson  
is likely to be an out-and-out, Vanderbilt stock  
one of these days, hence its strength.

"C." Elmira, N. Y.: General Electric Auto-  
mobile was incorporated in 1899, but the com-  
pany was not successful and the patents were  
sold at auction last year to satisfy the creditors'  
claims and were purchased for about \$30,000 in  
the interests of the stockholders. It is dealt in  
on the Philadelphia Exchange, and only half a  
dollar a share is bid for it.

"Reader," Santa Fé, N. M.: The new stock  
to be issued by the People's Gas Company will  
be distributed among the stockholders, at par, to  
the extent of 15 per cent. of their present hold-  
ings. The fact that this money is to be used  
in part "to retire temporary loans," explains  
the report that the company has not always  
earned the full amount of the dividends it has  
paid.

"S." St. Louis: The report that James J.  
Hill is not in the ascendant any longer in the  
Pacific combination, but that Morgan and Harri-  
man interests are pulling together, has many be-  
lievers. There is such a thing as harmony  
"with a club." (2) The story of the Electric  
Vehicle Company, as disclosed in the stock-  
holders' suit, is not altogether complimentary  
to the wealthy men who financed the affair.

"S." Washington, D. C.: In a market like  
this, with interests shifting and with values  
somewhat dependent upon the outcome of com-  
binations, consolidations, and deals, it is difficult  
to name the stock which offer the best oppor-  
tunities for speculation for any long period. If  
you will follow my column carefully, you will ob-  
serve from week to week suggestions in the line  
of what you seek.

"D." Dallas, Texas: (1) The firm you men-  
tion suspended payments during the panic, some  
years ago, but settled every claim in full and now  
is rated very high. (2) The best and safest way  
for a man to trade who is not in the Street is  
to buy outright what he can pay for and put it  
away until he is ready to take a profit. (3) If  
the anthracite coal combination holds, Reading  
should profit by it considerably. (4) Experi-  
ence shows that money put into a regular busi-  
ness is much more likely to produce satisfactory  
results than money used for speculation in Wall  
Street. A careful observer believes that nine  
out of ten men who engage in speculation are  
ultimately losers, but nine out of ten who buy  
stocks and pay for them for investment pur-  
poses, buying when the market is heavy and  
prices are low and holding for an active rising  
market, make a profit.

(Continued on page 268.)

PUBLIC NOTICES.

**NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.**  
DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE,  
BUREAU FOR THE COLLECTION OF TAXES,  
NO. 57 CHAMBERS STREET,  
BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1901.  
TAXPAYERS WHO DESIRE TO OBTAIN THEIR  
bills promptly should make immediate written re-  
quisition (blanks may be procured in the borough offices),  
stating their property by section or Ward, Block and  
Lot or Map number, making copy of same from their  
bills of last year.

If a taxpayer is assessed for personal tax, the re-  
quisition should also request bill for such tax.  
Each requisition should be accompanied by an en-  
velope bearing the proper address of the applicant and with  
return postage prepaid.

In case of any doubt in regard to Ward, Section, Block  
or Lot number, Taxpayers should take their deeds to the  
Department of Taxes and Assessment and have their  
property located on the maps of that Department and  
forward to the Deputy Receiver of Taxes with the re-  
quisition a certified memorandum of their property, which  
will be furnished by the Department of Taxes and As-  
sessment.

Taxpayers in this manner will receive their bills at the  
earliest possible moment and avoid any delay caused by  
waiting on lines, as is required in case of personal applica-  
tion.

The requisition must be addressed and mailed to the  
Deputy Receiver of Taxes in whatever borough the  
property is located, as follows:

John J. McDonough, No. 57 Chambers Street, Borough  
of Manhattan, New York.

John B. Underhill, corner Third and Tremont ave-  
nues, Borough of The Bronx, New York.

James B. Bouck, Municipal Building, Borough of  
Brooklyn, New York.

Frederick W. Blackwelder, corner Jackson Avenue and  
Fifth Street, Long Island City, Borough of Queens, New  
York.

Matthew S. Tully, Richmond Building, Richmond Ter-  
race, New Brighton, Borough of Richmond, New York.

DAVID E. AUSTEN,  
Receiver of Taxes.

Certain things are possibilities,—fire, acci-  
dent, disease. Death is a certainty. He's a  
poor reasoner who provides against the uncer-  
tain and yet neglects to insure his life. It may  
be done at low cost in the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,

921-3-5 Chestnut St., Philada.



**GRAND IMPERIAL**  
**Sec & Brut**  
**Champagne**

Is the highest  
priced American  
Champagne because  
it is the Best. It  
sells everywhere  
in competition with  
the best brands of  
Europe, and many  
connoisseurs pro-  
nounce it superior  
to any other.

For Sale by Best  
Clubs, Cafes, and  
Hotels Everywhere.

**GERMANIA WINE CELLARS,**  
Hammondsport and Rheims, N. Y.



**SUBMERGED**  
Electric Portable Propeller

Applied to any boat in a  
moment. Absolutely prac-  
tical. Noiseless, odorless and  
safe. Nothing to get out of  
order or explode. Machinery  
all being in propeller and  
rudder, saves room in boat.  
Easiest to operate. Auxiliary  
power for sail-boat and house-  
boats. Just the thing for  
fishing and hunting. Enables  
you to run noiselessly, steer  
it and cast or troll same time.  
Catalogue Free.

**Submerged Electric  
Motor Co., Box 7  
Menomonie, Wisconsin**

**A\$5.00 BARGAIN**

**JARDINIERE STANDS.**

This beautifully designed and honestly con-  
structed **Podestal Jardiniere Stand**,  
with handsomely carved claw feet, finished in  
golden oak, mahogany or antique, will be sent  
by freight prepaid to any address for

**FIVE DOLLARS.**

Buy one as good at any store and it will cost  
you \$10.00.

The top and base are of quar-  
ter-sawn oak, the size of each  
being 12 in. x 12 in. The stand  
is 40 in. high, and will hold its  
own in any home, no matter  
how luxuriously furnished.

We manufacture these stands in  
our own complete factory, and sell  
direct to the consumer. You save  
the profit which usually goes to the  
middlemen.

**Five Dollars is the Cost to  
You Delivered at  
Your Station.**

If it is not more than satisfactory,  
send it back at our expense, and we  
will refund your money.

We do this without argument, the  
fact that you are dissatisfied being  
sufficient.

If you wish to know more before  
ordering, write for our booklet.  
Reference—Chemung Canal  
Bank, Elmira, N. Y.

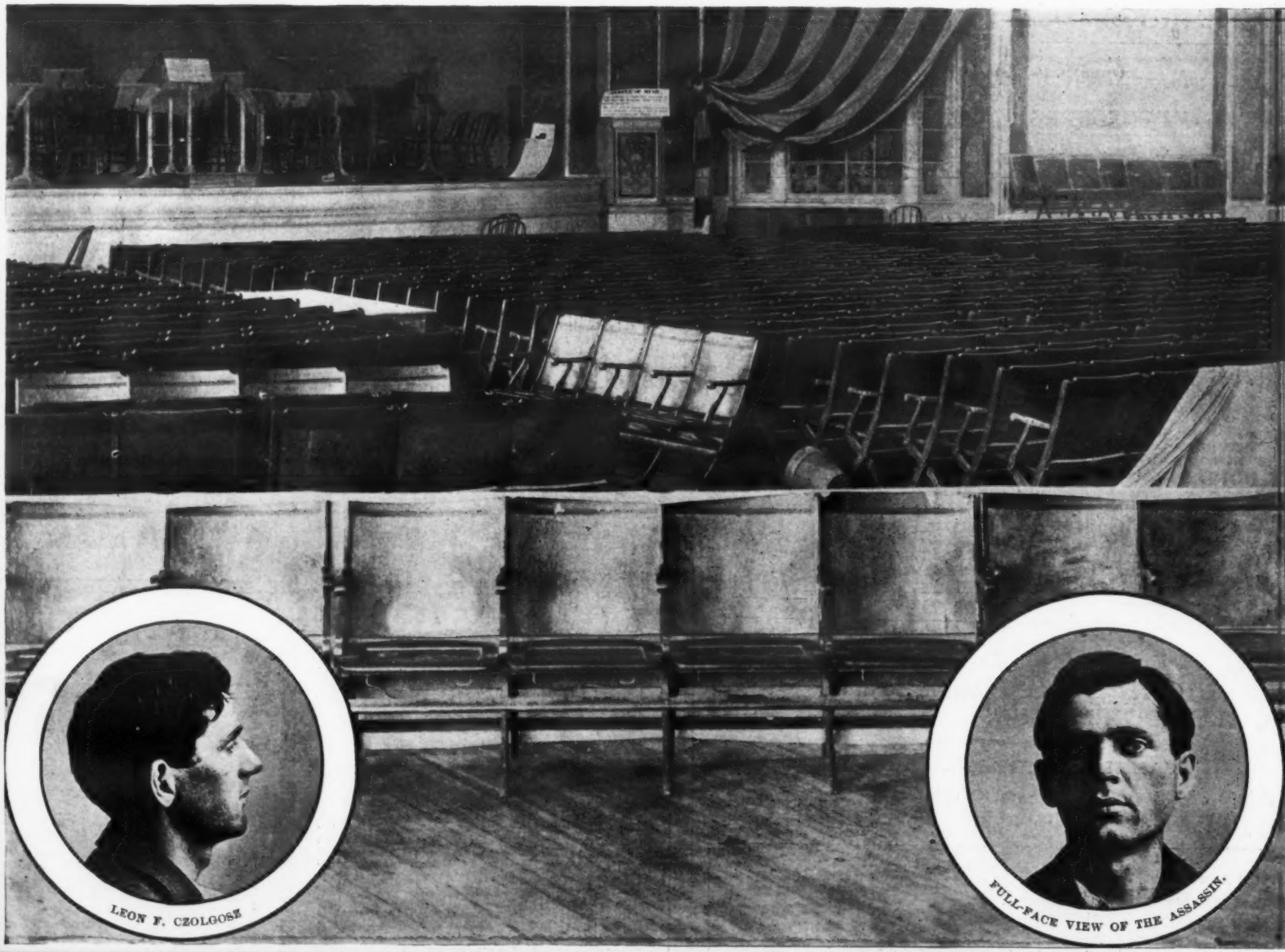
**HARIE ANTOINETTE TABLE CO.,**  
1256 Vanderbilt Building,  
New York City.





THE TRIUMPHAL BRIDGE, NOW RENDERED HISTORIC.

ON THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH, PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DELIVERED HIS SPEECH FROM THE STAND ON THE RIGHT. ON FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6TH, HIS ASSASSIN WAS HURRIED FROM THE INFURIATED MOB ACROSS THIS BRIDGE BY THE POLICE AND SOLDIERY.



THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC, WHERE THE PRESIDENT WAS SHOT.

THE VICTIM OF THE FOUL ASSASSIN AFTER THE SHOOTING SANK INTO THE SECOND CHAIR TO THE LEFT OF THE FOUR IN THE AISLE.





AN OUT-DOOR CABINET MEETING.

SECRETARIES GAGE, HITCHCOCK, ROOT, AND ATTORNEY-GENERAL KNOX POSE FOR OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER AT BUFFALO. DETECTIVE GALLAGHER, WHO TOOK THE PISTOL FROM THE PRESIDENT'S ASSAILANT, IN THE BACKGROUND.—Photograph by R. L. Dunn. Copyright by Judge Company, 1901.

## Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from page 267.)

"Star," Kansas City, Mo.: Amalgamated Copper is a good speculative stock. It is active and seems promptly to recover from every decline. I think well of Glucose Sugar as a speculative industrial.

"C," New York Mills: None of the parties is rated as of any standing by the mercantile agencies. (2) I have no faith in the rubber plantation company to which you refer, and do not advise the purchase of the shares.

"L. W.," St. Louis, Mo.: Thanks for your subscription. I do not think you can do anything at present but await the outcome of the effort to rehabilitate the property. It is extremely difficult to learn precisely what the large holders of the stock contemplate doing. Until the situation is more clearly disclosed, it would be well for you to stay just where you are.

"Safety," Boston: If safety is your first idea, buy only the standard, gilt-edged, old-fashioned dividend-payers, if prices decline. They are safe at almost any time, even if you have to hold them for years, because their dividends will carry them. (2) A pretty good bond, netting about 4 1/2 per cent. interest, is the Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville refunding five, selling at about 111.

"K," Westernport, Md.: Not rated very high. (2) Pools are operating in the cheap Mexican Railway stocks and seem determined to advance them. Their value depends largely upon the traffic arrangements they may make with railways in the United States. (3) Texas Pacific and Union Pacific, the former in a speculative and the latter more in an investment sense, are bought freely on every reaction, in the expectation of a profit.

"L," Memphis, Tenn.: (1) The use of oil instead of coal, on the Southern Pacific, ought to result in a saving of four or five million dollars per annum. It can get its supply at the western terminus from the California wells, and, in the East, from the Texas wells. The Kansas City Southern, which runs through the Texas oil field, and, in fact, all the Southwestern railways, would save large amounts of money if they could replace coal with oil.

"T.," Worcester, Mass.: There are over \$300,000,000 of bonds ahead of United States Steel preferred. I do not, therefore, regard the stock as a good permanent investment, certainly not as good as some of the other industrial preferred shares, having little or no bonded indebtedness ahead of them. (2) Unless an unexpected stringency in the money market occurs, a patient man ought to reap a profit by purchases on reactions of some of the low-priced stocks, like the Monon, Clover Leaf, or Kansas City Southern common.

"Banker," Hartford, Conn.: Most of the big money during the rise has been made by the increased value of shares in reorganized railroads, which have been put on such a good footing by the recent general increase in railroad earnings. Among these are the Erie, the Reading, the Southern Railway, Colorado Southern, the Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, and Atchafalaya. Other reorganized companies which promise better things unless business conditions change, include Toledo, St. Louis and Western, Kansas City Southern, and the Wisconsin Central, but I am not advising the purchase of stocks at present.

"Observer," Indianapolis, Ind.: The recent cut in rates by the Wabash indicates how difficult it is for the great railroad managers to maintain a permanent agreement among themselves. If a general fight breaks out we will have a repetition of the hard times in the railroad world which led to so many receiverships and reorganizations.

"R," Altoona, Pa.: The fact that Brooklyn Rapid Transit talks of a bond issue no doubt accounts for the weakness in that stock as much as the poor report of its earnings, but its chief owners are great manipulators and they may repeat with Brooklyn Rapid Transit their operation with Continental Tobacco; that is, they may load a non-dividend-paying concern on some first-class dividend-paying company and give the former a new and increased value. (2) Another of the industrial common stocks, Rubber Goods common, has the blues. The one per cent. quarterly dividend, on which it was advanced to nearly 40, last May, is not in sight. All the industrial common stocks which represent water are regarded with fear by observant speculators.

(3) Chicago Great Western has had a tremendous advance on the belief that its strategic value will compel some of the great trunk lines to buy it at a liberal figure. On its merits, the stock has been selling high enough, as its annual statement shows that its surplus for the fiscal year was not equal to its rentals and dividends.

"R," Peoria, Ill.: The Wabash, last year, earned about 1 or 1 1/2 per cent. on the B debenture bonds. It is generally believed that in the proposed rearrangement of Wabash securities these bonds will be changed for one of a more fixed and stable character. The B debentures are entitled to 6 per cent. per annum, if earned. The scaling down of the interest charges of the Wabash bonds to a 4-per-cent. basis would put the Bs on a much better footing. There has been talk that the Pennsylvania Railroad might take over the Eastern lines of the Wabash, on a 3 1/2-per-cent. basis, to the advantage of the B debentures. Southern Railway preferred is entitled to 5-per-cent. dividends before anything can be paid on the common. During the present fiscal year it has paid 4 per cent., and it is hoped that in the

next year the full 5 per cent. will be paid, which would still leave a small surplus for the common. The expectation of possible dividends on the latter has given it strength and support. (2) The earnings of Chicago Great Western do not indicate that it has a surplus after the payment on the preferred A this year. (3) The corn belt which has experienced the severest drought is that which extends through Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, Kansas, and Oklahoma.

"G.," Baltimore: The public announcement that the dividend on the common stock of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will not be increased, although the company claims to be earning three times the 4 per cent. per annum it is paying, may have for its purpose the lowering of the price of the stock, so that insiders can pick it up. (2) If the market has a substantial drop, I still believe that one of the best of the low-priced railways is the Toledo, St. Louis and Western, better known as the Clover Leaf. It holds an important position in a very profitable territory, and is said to be looking for an entrance to Chicago, which will be of enormous value to it. (3) The support of Missouri Pacific seemed suddenly to cease when the time to subscribe for rights to the new stock at par expired. It is the impression that insiders therefore have good reason to sustain the stock above par for the time being. (4) While the net earnings of the Southern Pacific are said to show an increase during the current fiscal year of between four and five million dollars, it is said that the surplus income will not be utilized for dividends but for the improvement of the property. It lies in the power of the directors, by using their authority in this way, to take advantage of it. The declaration of a dividend would, of course, advance the price of the shares.

New York, September 10th, 1901.

JASPER.

## Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable.]

I HAVE constantly advised the readers of this column who belong to any of these beneficial associations carrying insurance features, to bear in mind that their insurance is of a very temporary and uncertain character. If they are members of the asso-

ciation simply for relaxation and enjoyment, I have nothing to say. If they are seeking safe life insurance, then they are very foolish. It would be wiser to pay more in an old-line company and to know that the money expended would not be risked, but would all eventually come back to the insured if he lived, or to his heirs if he died.

"Subscriber," Austin, Texas: I do not believe in the western company. You need have no hesitation in making a choice of the Equitable as between them. (2) The Prudential's statement is all right and its guarantee entirely safe. No stamp.

"U. P.," Hamilton, O.: Your situation is precisely like that of many others who have written me. If you are not insurable elsewhere, and if your expectation of life is short, I would keep the policy. If insurable elsewhere, I would take out another policy in one of the strongest and best of the old-line companies, like the Equitable, the Mutual Life, the New York Life, the Prudential, the Provident Savings, or any of the companies having a good record. No stamp inclosed.

"S.," Long Branch: The company is a small one, organized only a few years ago and what it can do twenty years hence is conjectural. I cannot understand how a business man could be induced to take a policy in a company with so little of a record, when, for about the same amount of money, he could get one in the strongest of the old-line companies. I have before me a letter written by John D. Spreckels, an eminent citizen of San Francisco, to President McCall, of the New York Life, in which he thanks the latter for the payment of \$31,560.20, in settlement of a policy of \$20,000, taken out in that company twenty years ago. Thus Mr. Spreckels received all his money, with over \$12,000 of accumulations, besides twenty years of life insurance. The offer made you by the company you mention is not as good as you can receive from the Equitable, the Mutual Life, the New York Life, or any other of the great strong companies, and behind their offer is the solid guarantee of security and permanency.

The Hermit.



## Royal Visitors in Canada.

✿ The Last Stage of a Remarkable Tour Around the World. ✿

LOVE for the British crown and loyalty to all for which it stands are nowhere deeper and truer to-day than they are among the people of the Dominion of Canada. Ample evidence of this has been seen in the prompt and enthusiastic support which the Dominion has given to the prosecution of the war in South Africa and to the general plans and policies of the imperial government. Less dissent from these is heard in Canada than in Great Britain itself. In a few weeks the Canadian people will have occasion to express their love and loyalty in a more direct way and to their hearts' content, for they are to be favored with a prolonged visitation by no less a personage than the present crown prince of England, the Duke of Cornwall and York, who will be accompanied by the duchess.

It is expected that the royal yacht *Ophir*, bearing the members of the royal family, will reach the Canadian coast at Halifax early in October. Arriving there, the duke and duchess will proceed by rail to Montreal, Quebec, and other cities and towns in various parts of the Dominion. Their itinerary is already mapped out, and at every point where a stop is to be made, however brief, extensive preparations are in progress to give them a truly regal welcome. Lavish decorations will be seen everywhere, and in the larger places there will be magnificent arches spanning the streets, gorgeous illuminations, military reviews, elaborate banquets, and other festal ceremonies. It was in like manner that Canada extended her hospitality to the duke's father, the present King of England, when he made a tour of the country in 1860. The difference will be that Canada is much larger, richer, and more thickly populated now than it was forty-one years ago, and thus more able to invest the reception ceremonies with pomp, splendor, and impressiveness. It is certain that nothing which the resources of the Dominion can supply to make the visit of their royal highnesses memorable will be omitted.

The Canadian tour is the last stage of a journey which the duke and duchess have made, following "the drum-beat" of English sovereignty around the world. Shortly before her death the late Queen of England assented to a proposal that the Duke of Cornwall and York should open the first Parliament of the new Australian Commonwealth in her name. The time set for this event was in 1901. In a speech to Parliament, shortly after his accession to the throne, King Edward declared that he desired to give effect to her Majesty's wishes in respect to this tour, saying: "I have decided that the visit to Australia shall not be abandoned, and shall be extended to New Zealand and to the Dominion of Canada."

Extensive preparations were accordingly made for the long and momentous journey. The twin-screw steamer *Ophir*, of 6,910 tons, was selected as the vessel to bear the royal couple. The *Ophir* had been in the merchant service between England and Australia and had made a brilliant record for speed, sea-worthiness, and other good qualities. She was regarded as the finest boat, all things considered, in the mercantile marine of England. For this tour the vessel was entirely refitted and refurnished, commissioned as a man-of-war, and converted into a royal yacht. In the transformation the vessel assumed, in its interior arrangements, as many of the splendors, comforts, and conveniences of a floating palace as it was possible for money and modern inventive resource to provide.

The hull of the *Ophir* was repainted ivory white; on the sheer-stroke was painted a band of sapphire-blue, and above this all was made dead white. On the fore-end of the promenade-deck was placed the royal drawing-room, having an area of two hundred square feet, and paneled in rosewood and satinwood. The upholstery was in blue and white silk damask. Two writing-rooms by the grand staircase were upholstered in blue leather. The royal smoking-rooms amidship were paneled and furnished throughout in oak and upholstered in green leather. The private apartments of the duke and duchess were arranged in suites of three rooms each and a bath-room, equipped with furniture of the latest and most elegant patterns, selected by their highnesses themselves.

Thus equipped the *Ophir* set out from Portsmouth, England, on March 16th, 1901, King Edward, Queen

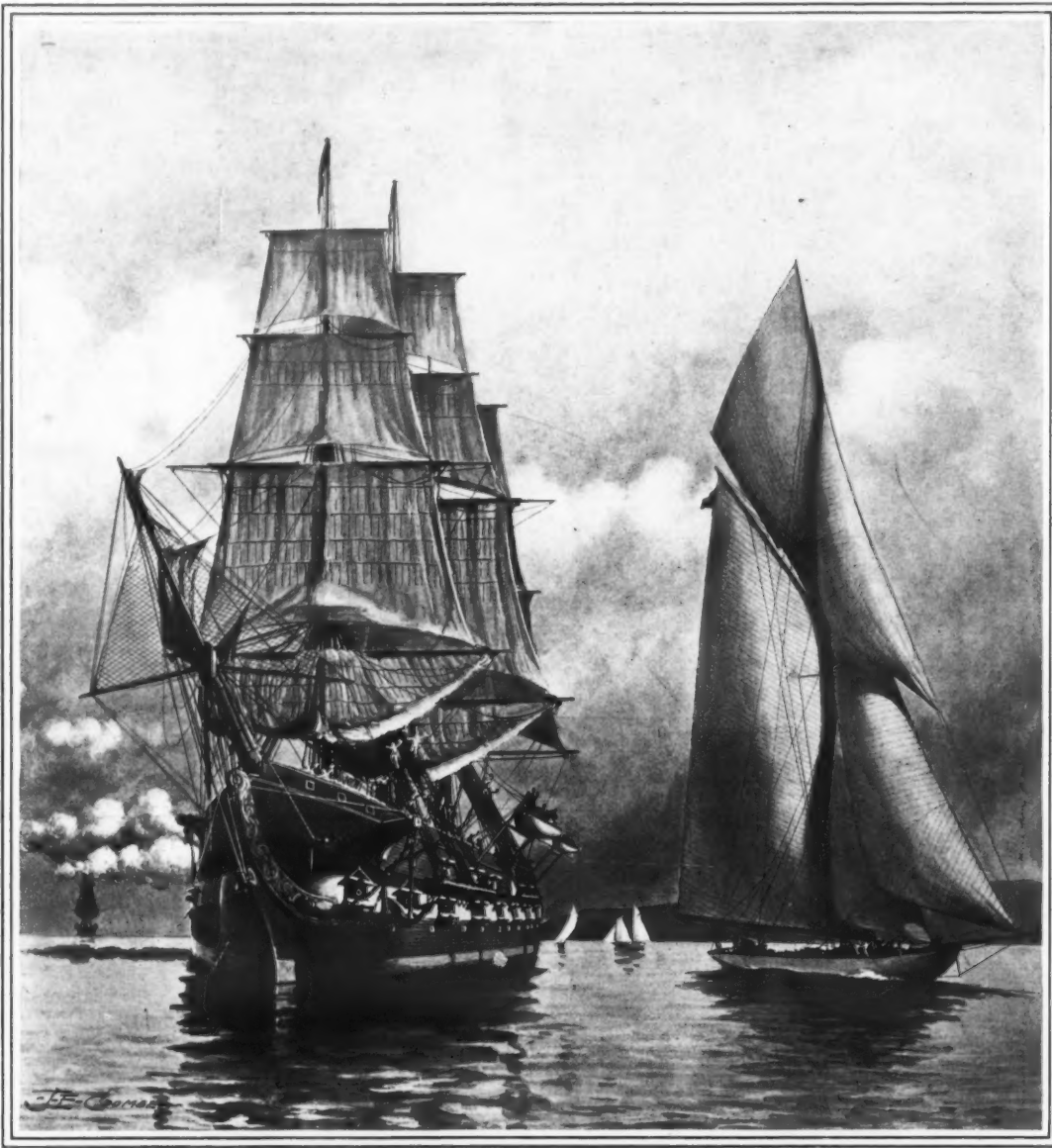
ical luxuriance of this sacred island of the Buddhist faith. At Kandy numerous arches of welcome were erected to mark the great event, one by the Singalese community being decorated with model elephants and glass ornaments. The ceremonies here included a review of the Ceylon mounted infantry and the planting of a commemorative tree by the duke, as his father had done before him in 1875. One evening at Kandy was made notable by a procession, headed by a stuffed white elephant, along an avenue of trees lighted with lamps formed of cocoanuts. Fifty live elephants followed and then groups of native dancers and tom-tom beaters. Singapore, the next stopping-place, was reached on April 21st. A striking feature of the reception here was a demonstration by 5,000 children, including Chinese, Armenians, Malays, Arabs, Tamils, and other of the mixed nationalities populating the Straits Settlements.

On May 5th the *Ophir* reached the Australian coast, and the next day the royal party set foot for the first time on the soil of that far-off dependency of England by landing at St. Kilda Pier, Melbourne. Here, under a magnificent arch bearing the words in silver, "Welcome to Australian Shores," they were greeted by Lord Hope-toun, the Governor-General of the new commonwealth, and his staff. The streets of Melbourne, Australia's imperial city, were beautifully decorated for the occasion, and there were several triumphal arches and a "court of honor." Through these the procession passed on its way to the Government House, such enormous crowds lining the avenues as Australia had never seen before. And the scenes at Melbourne were only a type, in a large way, of the scenes enacted at Sydney and Brisbane, and all through the commonwealth, wherever the duke and the duchess made their appearance. After a month in Australia a visit was made to the happy and prosperous island of New Zealand, where the reception accorded to the party was no less enthusiastic. From New Zealand the journey homeward began by way of Cape Colony. It is expected that the duke will remain in Canada about thirty days. It has been reported that the sojourn here would include a "dash across" the border into the United States, but there is no probability that such a visitation will be made.

### A Yachting Lunch.

THE centre ornament on the table for a luncheon recently given aboard a yacht was a miniature yacht made entirely of flowers. The hull was dark-red carnations, the figure-head a heap of bouvardia blossoms; the sails were bouvardia strung together; the deck was of white flowers, the rigging of silk cord. At distances from the centre, toward the two ends of the table, were small stands made to represent union jacks crossed, on which rested little boats filled with carnations and mignonette. Little vases, dolphin-shaped and holding flowers, were placed here and there. At each corner were small anchors made of carnations; the pepper bottles were in the shape of light-houses, and the salt-cellars were sailors' hats. The menus were buoys, and the guest-cards life-preservers. The service was pale green and also the glass. The salt-cellars may be silver shells, instead of sailors' hats, and the pepper bottles telescopes; the menus in form of crabs and lobsters, and the guest-cards oyster-shells. Tiny dolls, dressed as sailors, holding fish-nets which are receptacles for flowers, may be placed at intervals down the table. Or the menus may be small yachts, with the bill-of-fare written on the sails.

FRANCES SMITH.



THE OLD AND THE NEW "CONSTITUTION."

THE GREAT WOODEN BATTLE-SHIP OF THE PAST AND THE NEWEST RACING YACHT OF THE PRESENT.  
Drawn for "Leslie's Weekly" by J. E. Coombes.

Alexandra, and other members of the royal family having said their farewells in a banquet on the vessel the evening previous. Two of England's finest cruisers, the *Niobe* and the *Juno*, were assigned to escort the *Ophir* on her trip, and the yacht itself was placed in command of Commodore A. L. Winsloe, R. N., and Captain R. E. Wemyss, R. N., both veteran and experienced seamen and old messmates of the duke in former cruises. All the other officers, including the surgeon and the chaplain, were men specially selected for this tour.

The first stop was at Gibraltar, the next at Malta, and the third at Suez, the appearance of the *Ophir* at each of these points being made the occasion of a demonstration by land and sea as extensive and enthusiastic as it was possible to make. The little English community at Malta, England's island fortress in the Mediterranean, fairly outdid itself. The illuminations of the fleet and the ramparts here are said to have eclipsed in brilliancy even the scene at Spithead on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee review in 1897. At Gibraltar the duke laid the corner-stone of a new mole, the beginning of an extensive scheme of harbor improvements at that famous stronghold. After Suez came Aden, and then Ceylon, which was reached on April 12th. Six days were spent by the royal party among the gorgeous scenery and trop-



## Noted Women Who Own Yachts.

THE New York Yacht Club has several women enrolled as flag members. One article of the constitution of the club was framed for woman's benefit, and reads:

Any woman owning a yacht is eligible for election to the club as a flag member, and shall upon election pay annual dues, but no initiation fee. Such membership shall continue only during the period of yacht ownership, and carries only the following privileges:

The right to fly the club burgee.

To have private signal registered with the secretary.

To enter yacht in club races, and the use of the club stations and club floats.

Mrs. Lucy C. Carnegie, of Pittsburg, was the pioneer feminine member; she was enrolled in 1894, the year of the launching of her magnificent yacht, the *Dungeness*. Mrs. George Lewis, owner of *Stranger*; Mrs. Sarah Drexel Fell, owner of *Barracouta*, and Miss Eloise Breese, whose yacht is named *Elsa*, soon made a quartette of flag members. Miss Susan de Forest Day was the fifth woman presented for membership in the New York Yacht Club; she is also a member of the Seawanhaka Yacht Club. At one time the *Scythian* was practically Miss Day's home. She is commander of her yacht and holds the first commission ever given to a woman from the Treasury as master of her own boat. She studied navigation at the Nautical College, with a view to getting a captain's certificate, taking the regular course given to every one who wishes to take out a license as captain.

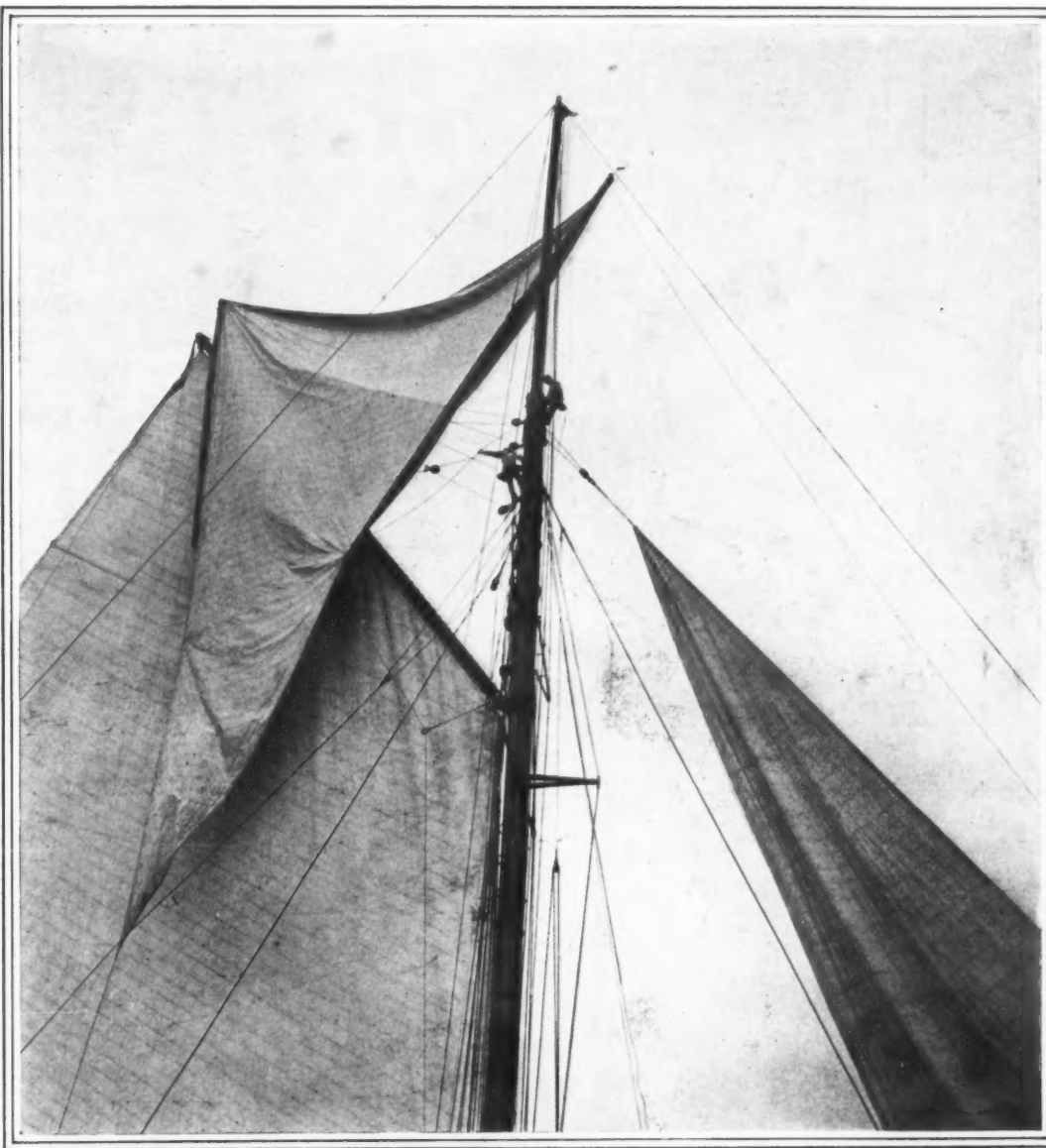
One of the most enthusiastic of all fair sailors the world over is Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin. She is the only woman who has ever been heart and soul enough in yacht racing to give up a spring and summer to studying her craft, and the only one who ever ate, slept, and lived aboard a racing yacht without coming ashore for as much as an afternoon on land. But Mrs. Iselin has other claims to being the greatest of sea sportswomen. The yacht syndicate members declared that "Mrs. Iselin and Herreshoff built the *Defender*."

They said that without her suggestions the yacht would have lacked many an important minor detail that helped it in the final race, and that from the time the first pencil-plan was drawn until Mrs. Iselin cracked the bottle of champagne upon her deck, crying "I name thee *Defender*," she worked as tirelessly as the builder, giving her entire attention to every step in the work. Living upon a racing yacht is not the most luxurious thing in the world to do. A woman who has had her dressing-room, boudoir, breakfast-room, and maids to attend her, gives them up for a cabin that answers for sleeping and dressing room, and a mess-room which is not designed for dainty guests.

Mrs. George Gould is another enthusiastic yachtswoman, who is up in all the technical terms of seamen and a splendid sailor. She has had the honor of joining Queen Alexandra—then the Princess of Wales—for a day's excursion on the *Britannia*. The Queen is not a good sailor, and during her yachting cruises, a few years ago, in the Mediterranean, she never stirred out of port unless the sea was as smooth as glass. Her daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Cornwall, is another poor sailor, and would not hear to the proposal that a portion of her honeymoon be spent upon the royal yacht *Osborne*. Nor was Queen Victoria any more fond of the sea. The telegraph lines between Windsor and Portsmouth were always kept busy for hours and even days prior to the Queen's departure for the Isle of Wight, in order that smooth water might be assured for the short passage across the Solent. Queen Christina, on the other hand, delights in nothing so much as a fierce blow. Yet,

strangely enough, she is, of all European sovereigns, the only one who does not own a yacht.

Queen Olga has the honor of being the only woman admiral, that rank having been conferred upon her by her relative, the Czar, as a compliment to her passionate devotion to everything connected with the sea. She is as proficient in navigation as any duly certificated master. The Czarina does not care for the sea. The German Empress sails a beautiful American-built yacht, the *Iduna*. She has learned how to steer it and to direct the handling of its sails, and when the *Iduna* has taken part in the annual races at Kiel, the Empress has stood at the helm. She is absolute mistress or "master" on board her yacht. Her sailors are uniformed in white, the shirts barred with blue bands, while the Empress's private signet, with that of the Kiel Yacht Club, is embroidered on their caps and shirt-waists.



HAZARDOUS WORK ON THE "COLUMBIA."

LOWERING THE CLUB-TOPSAIL AT AN ELEVATION OF MORE THAN A HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET ABOVE THE DECK.

Photograph by James Burton.

### Is Tobacco Psychologic?

In these days, when mind is especially asserting its pre-eminence over matter of all inds, from churches to backache, from poetry to pie, it may not be inappropriate to offer a few remarks on the subject of the psychology of tobacco, the solace of man's solitude, his ever-present help in time of trouble. These remarks may be rather personal, but they should not lack force on that account, and I desire to submit my own experience with the weed. As a preface, or rather as a text, in response to the question, "Is tobacco psychologic?" I wish to say that I believe it is, and I offer the following in testimony thereof. For a period of twenty-five years, ending some six or seven years ago, I chewed tobacco constantly, though never voraciously, being what might be called a "clean chewer." In all those years, beginning when I was a boy, I missed very few days when I did not take a chew or more of tobacco, an indication that my health was pretty fair, because it is a well-known fact that a sick man does not hanker for the weed. In time, however, it began to have such an effect on the mucous membrane of the mouth that it became painful to chew, and one day, when my mouth burned at the touch of the tobacco, I concluded it was time to stop, and I stopped short off, never to chew again. My physical health re-

mained about the same, except that indigestion developed, but the mental effect was such that for three months or more I found the greatest difficulty in keeping my mind on my work as a newspaper and general writer. I had little or no desire to chew, but I did have a desire for something which took no definite form. Possibly if I had been a drinker my bibulosity might have gone to extremes during those trying months, but I was not, and I merely wandered aimlessly in a vague desire beyond gratification. I had never smoked except at rare intervals and did not care for tobacco in that form at any time, and even less after I had quit chewing. In time my mind and body were conquerors, and I was a free man, except as to the indigestion.

In the winter of 1898-9, my friend, Robert P. Porter, the well-known tariff expert and publicist, having returned from Cuba, where he had been on a government mission and secured a great deal of valuable information about the island and its conditions, concluded he would put it into book form—"Industrial Cuba"—and asked me to assist him. Among the subjects allotted to me was that of tobacco, and in order to make that chapter as valuable as possible, I read everything on tobacco I could find. I studied tobacco from start to finish, and while doing it for the book, I wrote a long newspaper article on the history of tobacco. In fact, I was thoroughly tobaccoized mentally. While the work was progressing I felt an occasional desire to try tobacco as a stimulant, finding there was so much in it to write about, but I staved the feeling off until the work was almost completed. Then, one night about half-past ten o'clock, when I had laid aside my pen for the day, I was quite overcome by a desire to smoke. The desire to chew was entirely lacking, but to smoke seemed to me to be something I could not resist. And this in the face of the fact that I had never cared to smoke, and the little I had done had been done under more or less protest. I resisted until I was nearly ready for bed, and then, picking up a pipe belonging to one of the men in the apartment with me, I went at it with the avidity of a hungry man for pie. I smoked two pipefuls and went to bed to sleep beautifully. The next day I smoked the pipe until I burned my mouth, and exchanged it for stogies—those cheap cigars which have made Wheeling and Pittsburg famous in tobacco history—and on the first day I smoked a dozen or so with no effect other than to whet my appetite for more. As the days passed the desire grew, and I had a cigar of some kind in my mouth all the

time. And it made no difference whether the cigar was a good one or bad. I was no connoisseur. All I wanted was tobacco that would smoke. This continued until May, 1901, when I felt that I had had all the smoke I needed, and one night, after a day of a dozen cigars, I stopped, and there was no more desire to smoke. The mental condition incidental to my stopping the chewing habit ensued, but in a modified form, and within a month or six weeks I was able to write as usual.

With these facts before the student of psychology, can he decide otherwise than that the tobacco taste or habit is largely mental? If not, why should I have had no desire for tobacco until I had thoroughly steeped my mind in the study of it? The desire, it will be noted, was not for tobacco to chew, as had been my habit, but to smoke, a form in which I was not accustomed to use it. Thus I was directly under the influence of tobacco, but it produced no desire for it until I began to put my mind on it. Then, beyond all my power of will and overcoming several years of disuse, came the desire in the form of smoking, and I began to smoke to an extent seldom attained except by veteran smokers or by those who inherit the tobacco taste, or predisposition.

That is my story, and now if some tobacco casuist, or whatever he may be called, will explain the situation, I will be under obligations to him. WM. J. LAMPTON.





THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRESIDENT.—TAKEN BY C. J. WADDELL, OF ALBANY, Y., TWENTY MINUTES BEFORE THE SHOOTING.—Copyright by C. J. Waddell, 1901.



THE LAST PUBLIC UTTERANCE OF THE PRESIDENT BEFORE THE SHOOTING—THE FAMOUS SPEECH OF SEPTEMBER 5TH.—Photograph by L. B. Hart, Buffalo.



VICE-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT BEING INTERVIEWED BY HOWARD THOMPSON FOR THE PRESS, AT THE MILBURN RESIDENCE, BUFFALO.—Photograph by R. L. Dunn.



JAMES B. PARKER, THE COLORED MAN WHO PREVENTED CZOLGOSZ FROM FIRING A THIRD SHOT AT THE PRESIDENT, AND THEREBY SAVED THE LATTER'S LIFE. READ HIS OWN STORY OF THE INCIDENT ON PAGE 240.



POSTMASTER-GENERAL SMITH AND EX-POSTMASTER-GENERAL BISSELL LEAVING THE MILBURN HOME.—Photograph by R. L. Dunn.



SECRETARY CORTELYOU MAKING THE FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PRESIDENT'S CONDITION AFTER THE OPERATION AT THE EXPOSITION HOSPITAL. Photograph by C. J. Waddell, Albany.

## THE SHOOTING OF THE PRESIDENT.

HIS LAST PHOTOGRAPH BEFORE THE TRAGEDY, AND OTHER PICTURES OF SPECIAL INTEREST.—[SEE PAGE 260.]



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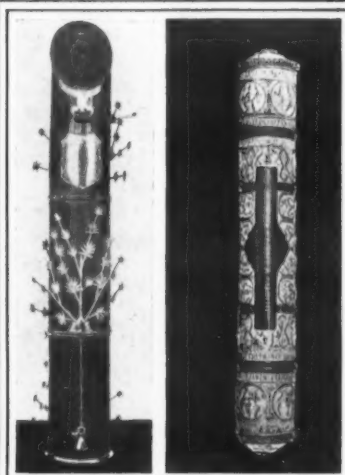




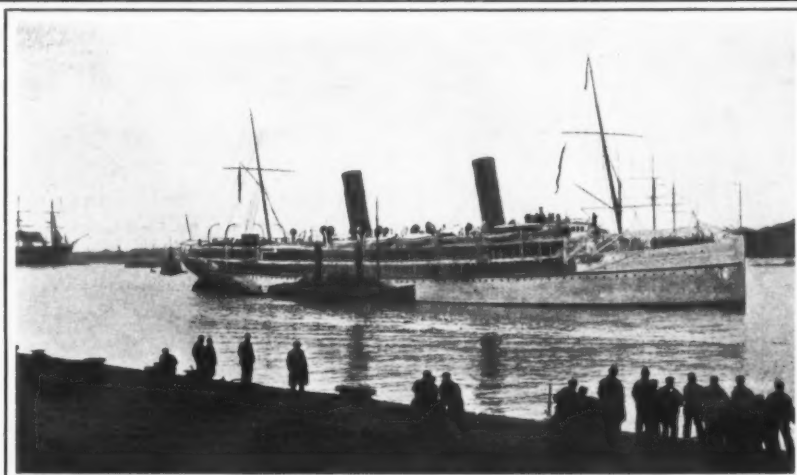
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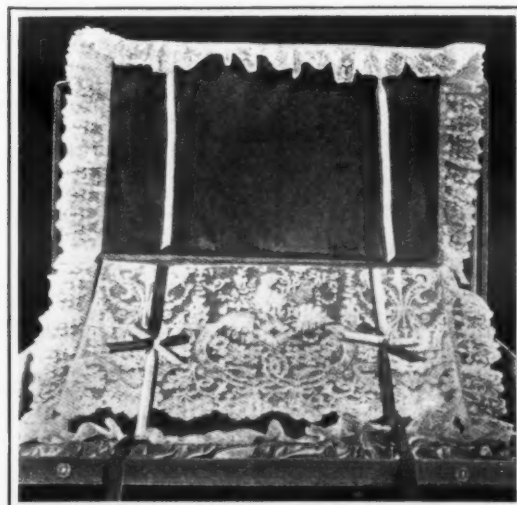
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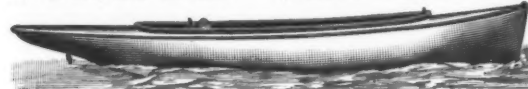
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